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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE French Emperor has explained his Mexican policy; the King of Prussia has given a new and public reading of the Prussian Constitution; the Emperor of Austria has let a hint escape him that he has some thoughts of conciliating the Hungarians; the Secret Committees of Warsaw have held an open meeting to decide what measures ought to be taken to avoid the conscription, or rather proscriptions, of the Russian Government; the Pacha of Egypt, after selling and shipping a number of slaves to France, has died—we trust without receiving the money; the Sultan has been building a number of new barracks and feeding up his soldiers until they walk about the streets of Stamboul with a "swagger" which positively shocks the correspondent of the *Times*. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg has not yet made up his mind whether he will or will not accept the throne of Greece (it not having yet been offered to him). All this news has reached us during the last few days, and yet all this is of no interest to us as long as the Americans continue to cut one another's throats and (what we are afraid concerns us still more) cut off the supply of cotton from a population which, if not literally starving for want of it, is, at least, suffering great distress.

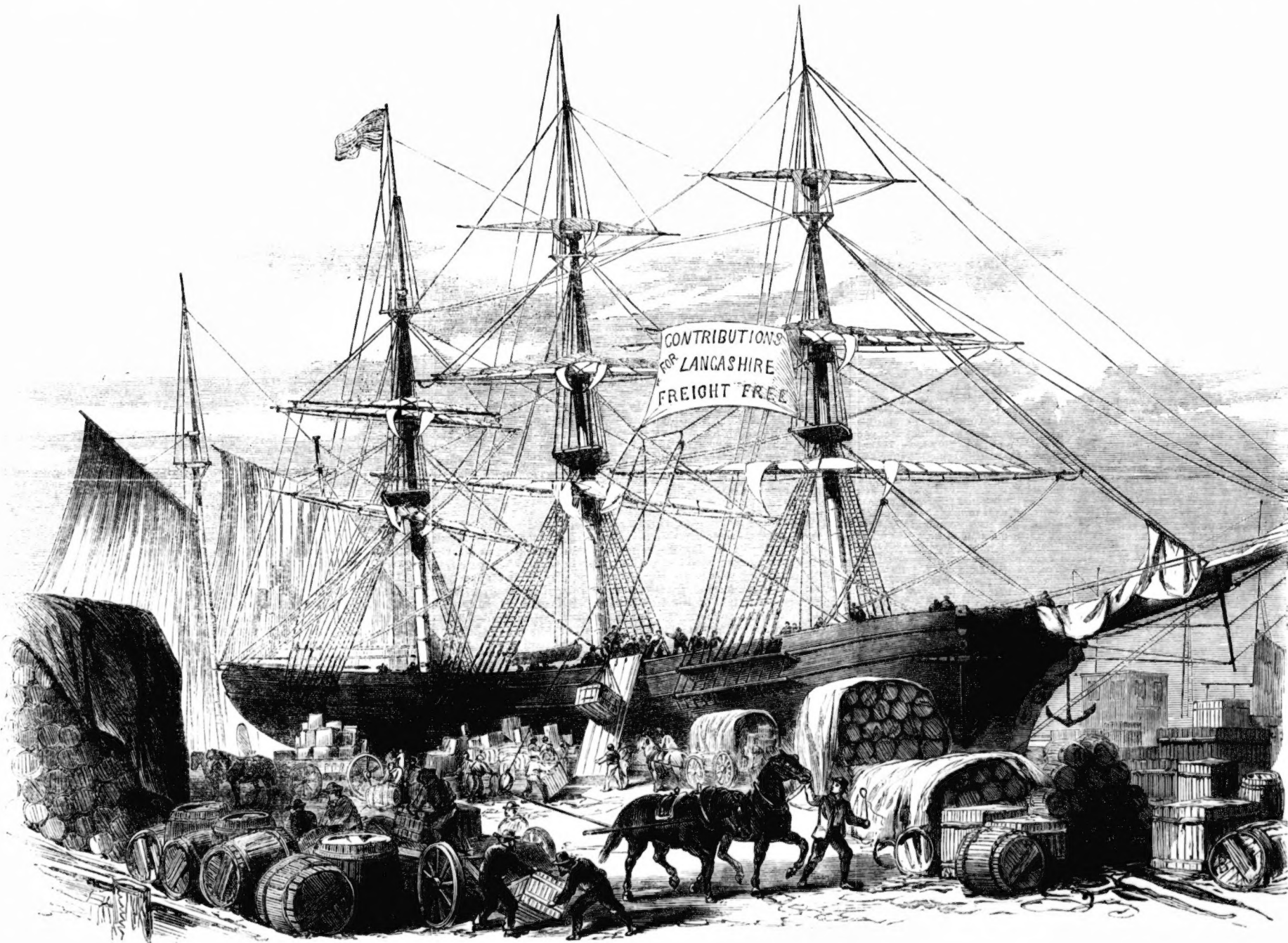
Probably until Parliament meets there will still be nothing talked of but the American War—an essentially dull subject of

conversation, because it is next to impossible to sympathise with either side. The South has bound itself by a clause in its Constitution never to revive the African slave trade, but it has taken no steps whatever towards abolishing slavery. If it had even had the humanity to pass a law rendering it illegal to break up families of slaves, to separate children from their parents and wives from their husbands, there would have been something to hope from the Southern proprietors. As it is, they are evidently determined to keep up their "domestic institution." Their friends in England may say that, for the sake of their reputation as a civilised people, they will be sure, when left to themselves, to abandon it; but they have not as yet announced any such intention. The Northern Government, on the other hand, has shown itself so insincere and hypocritical in its professions of philanthropy that towards it one can scarcely have any feeling but antipathy.

Of course there are some persons who continue to accept the well-known but not generally-believed theory of the Northern Government—that they have gone to war with the South in order to free the Southern slaves. If at the beginning of the war they had said, "We will not tolerate slavery in any part of the United States," every one would have sympathised with them. As it is, the rulers of the North have only said to their enemies, "Come back to the Union and you shall

have as many slaves as you like; but remain away from it, and we will set your slaves free and encourage them to rise against you." This is called "philanthropy" by a certain party all over Europe, who are simply enraged at the failure of the great American Democratic Republic, and the system of placing the Government of a country entirely in the hands of the largest, most needy, and most ignorant class of the community. We are far from rejoicing at America's failure. We wish, for the credit of free institutions, of whatever pattern they may be, that the Republic had been able to preserve its united existence. But as a *fiasco* has decidedly taken place, it is as well to attribute it to its real cause.

We perceive, by-the-way, that two relations of Kossuth have just arrived at the Northern army. The great Hungarian patriot has no doubt told them that they are going to fight in the name of liberty. So the Austrians fought against Kossuth for the sake of liberty in 1849, for certainly they supported the Croats against the pretensions of the Magyars, and were quite prepared to support the peasantry everywhere against their proprietors. The fact is, the name of "liberty" has been so much abused since the first French Revolution that it is beginning to lose its original meaning, and persons who wish to speak and write with any precision will soon have to substitute some such word as "justice" for it. Under the French Convention it meant liberty to bring all political enemies to



THE PACKET-SHIP GEORGE GRISWOLD LOADING AT NEW YORK WITH BREADSTUFFS FOR THE DISTRESSED LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES.

the guillotine; under the Directory, liberty to establish republics where they were not wanted; under the Empire, liberty to found kingdoms for the cadets and adopted children of the Napoleon family. At present, in the more or less United States of America, it means liberty to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and to intrust the President with irresponsible power; liberty to repudiate the principles on which the United States were first established; and liberty to reduce the South to political servitude, under pretence of emancipating their slaves. We have never admitted in England, as an absolute principle, that every nation has a right to choose its own Government. This, however, is the great democratic principle of the day, though it appears that it is not thought right to apply it in the one case in which it would have the effect of breaking up an already existing democracy.

As to the result of the war, we cannot see what hope is left for the Federals if it be really true that at the last great battle General Stuart's brigade charged right through the Federal army and captured a number of ammunition-waggons when the Southern cannons were beginning to cease firing. What chance can the North have when it is the North itself that supplies the South with the materials of war? We are told one day that the South has neither arms nor ammunition. A few days afterwards it is amply provided with every requisite for an army on active service. One explanation seems to be, that whenever the Confederates are short of arms, ammunition, or other *matériel*, that pestilent fellow, General Stuart, makes a dash at some dépôt or supply-train of the Northerners, and forthwith the Southerners are amply furnished with everything absolutely necessary to fighting, and fight they accordingly do. Another explanation probably is, that as the 'cute Yankee cannot resist the temptation to do a "trade" on advantageous terms, he sells to both the Confederates and the Federals with the most commendable impartiality, and that it is from this source that the large smuggling business carried on across the frontier-line of the two belligerents has its origin. True, the Southerner has little cash to give in exchange for goods of any description; but what of that? Greenbacks are probably of about equal value, whether printed in Washington or Richmond.

AMERICA AND THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

WE have already recorded the fact that some time ago the leading inhabitants of New York, with the Chamber of Commerce at their head, determined to open a subscription to aid in relieving the distress in the manufacturing districts of England, and that the appeal made to the general public in the United States—that is, the portions of those States still under the sway of President Lincoln and not the theatre of warlike operations—had been liberally responded to. But, as hard cash was, and is, a rather scarce article in America, while her granaries and provision stores are full to overflowing; and as, moreover, it is not money but food that the Lancashire operatives require, it was very wisely decided that contributions of provisions should be received. These flowed in freely, and a question at once arose as to the means of conveying the good things contributed to the hungry mouths in England for which they were intended. In these circumstances, Messrs. Griswold and Co. tendered the use of their splendid ship, the *George Griswold*, to convey a cargo free of all cost to Liverpool. Our engraving represents this fine vessel loading in the port of New York with the flour, bacon, and other articles contributed; and, on her arrival at her port of destination, she will no doubt be welcomed in a manner befitting so generous and friendly an expression of sympathy with our suffering workmen as this subscription conveys. The Federal Government has ordered a ship of war to convoy the *George Griswold* to Liverpool, so as to secure her from the depredations of the redoubtable Alabama—a precaution which, while indicating the goodwill of the Washington Cabinet, is perhaps unnecessary; for, judging by his past conduct, Captain Semmes is not likely to interrupt the *George Griswold* while engaged in the mission of mercy to which her owners have so nobly dedicated her. The ship, according to late reports, was being crammed in every corner, and will bring a most valuable cargo of the stuff of life to these shores.

FEARFUL CALAMITY AT LOCARNO.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore, gives the following account of a terrible occurrence which has recently taken place at Locarno:—

This town is one of those pretty little half Italian, half Swiss, towns which line the north-west shores of the Lago Maggiore; but, not being minutely described in "Murray," it is comparatively little known to the English tourist, who hurries past it to the more fashionable Baveno or Bellinzona. As the steamer floats past the traveller will notice a clean-looking town, backed by a chain of hills, the most striking point in the picture being the cupola of a fine old cathedral-looking church. It is of this building that I have to speak. The Church of La Madonna del Sasso, with its dome towering over the other buildings, its coloured marbles, and its quaint old frescoes by Luini, is the one sight of the little city. On Sunday, the 9th inst., there was present in that church a great congregation, composed, as is usually the case in this part of Europe, almost entirely of women. The men lounging about the piazza pointed out to one another the enormous quantity of snow which had fallen during the last six days and nights in an almost unbroken column. The landscape glittered in its white covering, and even the buildings of the city looked like a scene in some fantastic play. Suddenly there was a dead, heavy fall. "Evidently," they said, "another distant avalanche!" and then a scream and a murmur of great horror, which spread through the quiet streets. All rushed to the spot, and found a scene which the letters I have seen describe as horrible past all conception. The dome which covered the body of the church had never been cleared of the constantly falling snow, and the immense weight accumulated was too great for the strength of the worn-out building. The whole dome gave way and fell on the congregation, then kneeling in prayer. In that position fifty-three female corpses were found, after the ruins had been cleared by the intrepid bravery and the untiring labour of the inhabitants. One female, a bride of twenty years of age, named Bone, was alone extricated alive, and was carried to her home with "some hopes of recovery," says my informant, but she had broken one arm and both her legs. One old man, alone, perished among the fifty-three women who fell victims in this awful ruin.

It seems to me that there must have been great carelessness somewhere, when, after nearly a week's incessant fall, the snow was still left to accumulate on the tottering cupola of a medieval church. Fifty-three women have perished; but imagine what would have been the destruction had this catastrophe happened on one of the great festivals of the Church. There would not have been fifty, but five hundred, corpses now recently buried in the Campo Santo of that little town.

SOMEbody's LUGGAGE.—It is related that when Mr. Grabow, President of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, arrived the other day in Berlin the ostler people at the gate had their suspicions aroused by the vast bulk of a chest that accompanied him. It was far too much baggage for any ordinary traveller, and they fancied that the respectable-looking elderly gentleman who owned it wished to smuggle in provisions liable to toll, with which he proposed nourishing himself economically during his stay in Berlin. So the chest was opened; but, instead of its proving to be a travelling larder, it was found to contain only the intellectual and political nourishment since served up to the Deputies on their well-covered table in the form of nearly 200 addresses and upwards of 200,000 signatures.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The statements of the revenue, direct and indirect, for 1862, 1861, and 1860, as published in the *Moniteur*, are more favourable than might have been expected in existing circumstances. Most of the items under the head of indirect contributions show a progressive increase; 1860 presents a total of 1,073,712,000fr.; 1861, 1,099,566,000fr.; while 1862 is in advance of both, and gives as its total 1,190,687,000fr.; or an increase of 91 millions over 1861, and near 117 millions over 1860.

It is asserted that orders have been given that the fortifications of the military storehouses and arsenals of the French ports shall be iron-plated, like ships.

ITALY.

A singular scruple has led to the resignation of the Italian Minister of Marine, Marquis Ricci. On taking office he presented himself to his constituents for re-election. He did not obtain a majority of the votes—that is to say, not that he was outvoted, for he obtained 302 votes against 3; but only a minority of the constituency voted at all. The Marquis Ricci declared this fact a proof of want of confidence on the part of the constituency, and insisted on resigning his office. His colleagues are thereby much embarrassed, for they are all, save one, in a similar position, and they do not like to seem deficient in political spirit, especially as their Parliamentary opponents are good-naturedly urging them to resign at once. It does not, however, seem likely that they will follow such a whimsical example. We should be rather surprised were an English Minister to resign because an absolute majority of his constituents did not poll at his election.

Some sensation has been created in Naples by the arrest of a lady of rank—the Princess Barberini Sforza—who was discovered to be carrying on the agency of a treasonable and Bourbonian conspiracy. The police had for some time watched the movements of this lady, who was well known to have constant assemblages of Bourbonians in her house; and finally, when on the way towards the Roman frontier, she was arrested, and found to be engaged in conveying a treasonable correspondence to the ex-King Francis. She is now in prison, along with some accomplices.

PRUSSIA.

A Berlin journal asserts that all prospect of an understanding between Prussia and Austria on the Customs question had been most positively renounced by the President of the Prussian Ministry. The President has even declared he would give notice of Prussia's intention to quit the Zollverein in order to remove the vague engagement relative to Austria into which the Zollverein entered by the treaties of the 19th of February and 4th of April, 1853.

RUSSIA.

The commission appointed by the Emperor of Russia to consider and prepare reforms in the system of taxation has recommended a reduction of the duties upon the importation of refined sugar during four years, the reduction to be effected at the rate of half a rouble yearly until the whole import duty upon the article brought in by land and sea shall stand at a uniform rate of three roubles per pood—a weight of about 36lb.

GREECE.

The National Assembly at Athens has terminated its examination into the validity of the elections. Attacks by brigands have taken place in the provinces, but the offenders are energetically pursued. The metropolis is quiet, although some apprehension for the future prevails.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

The effect of President Lincoln's slavery proclamation in the South was not known in New York, but it had created great dissatisfaction in the Border States, both among the slaves and the white population.

In response to a request of Secretary Chase, a bill had been introduced in the House of Representatives proposing to issue 50,000,000 dollars of greenbacks to pay arrears due to the army. Another bill, introduced by Mr. Spaulding, provides for an issue of 600,000,000 dollars of Treasury bonds for the payment of the creditors of the Government, and to meet the exigencies of the public service.

A detachment of General Stuart's cavalry made another raid into Dumfries on the 2nd inst., and captured ten sutlers and a quantity of public stores. It is reported that General Stuart had cut off the telegraphic communication between General Burnside's army and the capital.

Despatches from General Grant to General Halleck report that General Sullivan defeated the Confederates under General Forrest, at Lexington, Tennessee, on the 1st, capturing six cannon and many prisoners. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded is put down at 1400, and that of the Federals at 800.

General Butler had been serenaded at New York. In recognition of the compliment he said:—

My Fellow-countrymen.—This is no time for making speeches. I have to thank you for this most kind greeting. There is no reward for a public servant like the commendation of those who have a right to his services, and for this flattering manifestation of your regard I pray you accept my heartfelt thanks.

The audience were somewhat surprised by this brevity, and after some cheering, interspersed with laughter and cries of "Short and sweet!" withdrew. In the parlour of his hotel General Butler was greeted by many friends. One lady said to him that she was happy to grasp the hand of the only man who could manage the Secessionists of New Orleans, and she hoped he would do the same good work in Charleston. This remark had reference to a report that Butler is to be appointed to the command in South Carolina, Georgia, and other States. A requisition was in circulation to get up a public demonstration to the General.

LOSS OF THE MONITOR.

The iron-clad battery, the *Monitor*, went down off Cape Hatteras in a gale of wind on the 30th ult., it may almost be said with all hands on board, only part of her crew having been rescued by a paddle-steamer that accompanied her. She narrowly escaped the same fate in her southward voyage to Hampton Roads, where her opportune arrival was worth a whole fleet—and saved one. She seems to have sunk from the weight of her iron-plating. It made her invulnerable in her fight with the *Merrimac*, but caused her loss when disabled in the open ocean. The seas that washed over her deck found their way down her funnel. She was soon waterlogged, and sank. In this case the newest application of the oldest expedient of defence has produced something like a repetition of a disaster well known in ancient warfare. In certain circumstances the weight of his armour was fatal to the horseman who could defy sword and spear. The iron batteries that can fight in smooth water without risk are in imminent peril at sea, even with no enemy but the wind and waves. The first two vessels of the class have both perished, and both ingloriously. The *Merrimac* was destroyed purposely, to escape capture. The *Monitor* has disappeared in a sea that would not have been fatal to a vessel less formidable. Yet both did remarkable service in a great war, and have left their names in one of the most important chapters of naval history. The loss of the *Monitor* has excited enough attention to occasion an official inquiry into the cause of the disaster; and, as some of the crew escaped, it may be possible to ascertain whether any neglect contributed to it. But in the account of the wreck as it stands there seems nothing inexplicable. She was not buoyant enough to live in a sea not excessively high, but such as may be expected on any coast at any season of the year.

THE BATTLE AT MURFREESBORO'.

WITH the advent of the new year the tide of victory seems to have turned in favour of the Federal arms. First of all in importance stands the great battle at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, which commenced,

after four days' brisk skirmishing, on Dec. 30, and continued, with little intermission, until the evening of Saturday, Jan. 3. General Rosecranz' army, which numbered at least 80,000 men after the battle of Perryville, had been reduced by the detachment of regiments to guard his line of communications to less than 60,000, and of this number 8000 were left to garrison Nashville, when he started from that city on Dec. 26. The strength of the Confederates is not accurately known, but it was in all probability greater than this, for the Conscription Act had done its work thoroughly in that section, and every regiment was called in from every subordinate point to take part in this engagement, which Generals Bragg and Johnston intended to make a conflict which should decide the fate of the south-west by giving them possession of Nashville. President Davis also recognised the importance of the pending conflict, for it was less than a fortnight before battle was joined that he passed through Murfreesboro' on a tour of inspection of the different detachments of the south-western army. In numbers General Rosecranz had to fight a superior force, but his army was made up almost entirely of veterans who had never suffered defeat, although they had been checked once or twice during their campaign. They knew that defeat would be ruin to them, for their communication with their depôts of supplies had been broken, and if driven back they could find no safe place of refuge. These considerations are sufficient to explain why General Rosecranz continued the almost hopeless conflict, day after day, until his pertinacity wore out his antagonist and caused him to abandon the field; and they show also why General Bragg continued to make assault after assault in the hope of finding some weak point in the lines of the Federal force. On the first day General Rosecranz was beaten back with great loss. The struggle was renewed on four successive days, with varying fortune; on the fifth day the battle was closed at nightfall, after severe slaughter on both sides. In the morning, when General Rosecranz expected to renew the contest, he found that the enemy had disappeared, and was in full retreat to Tullahoma, thirty miles distant, on the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway. General Rosecranz occupied Murfreesboro', but had not been able to pursue General Bragg's army, which retired in good order, carrying their prisoners and about thirty captured cannon with them. The Federals state their loss at 6500 killed and wounded, several thousand prisoners, and twenty-eight pieces of artillery. Generals Willich and Fry are among the prisoners. The Confederate loss is estimated at 4500 killed and wounded and 1000 prisoners. All the negroes captured by the Confederates were immediately shot. At present it is impossible to tell whether the result can be called a decisive Confederate defeat or a disputed Federal victory. General Rosecranz had Murfreesboro', that is certain; but the accounts thus far received do not make it clear whether he had anything more than a battle-field covered with his own slain. The Confederates, it is said, buried their own dead and the Federal officers who had fallen. A force demoralised by defeat is not likely to tarry in its tracks long enough to do such work as this; and, if General Bragg carried off successfully thirty odd cannon and the 4000 prisoners whom he had captured, he will be able to make a very fair case before his superiors, on the ground that he inflicted upon his antagonist heavier loss than he sustained himself. It is not at all impossible that General Rosecranz may come up with the retreating Confederates in some stronger position than it will be prudent to attack with his shattered forces; and unless the pursuit is most carefully conducted he may yet be compelled to retrace his steps towards Nashville. It is difficult to see from what quarter reinforcements can be sent to General Rosecranz. All the troops within his reach, reserves and all, were engaged in the five days' fighting, and were more or less cut up. In fact, the despatches state that they were terribly shattered, and that from 6000 to 7000 had been killed and wounded, besides prisoners and missing. The loss of officers which they sustained was exceedingly heavy; and it would seem as though a few days' delay, at least, for a partial reorganisation was imperatively necessary.

A successful attempt upon the bridges of the Eastern Tennessee Railroad by a Federal cavalry force, under General Carter, is a most important demonstration. In these mountainous districts there are long stretches of trestle-work, and bridges which have been erected at great expense and labour. One or two of these structures, in the immediate vicinity of the place where General Carter commenced his operations, if destroyed, could not be replaced with less than five or six months' labour; and as the despatches make it appear that the work of destruction has been thoroughly accomplished, it is but fair to infer that this important railroad line has been most seriously disabled, and that at a time when it seemed positively necessary that it should be working without interruption for the rapid transportation of supplies.

THE POLICY OF THE DEMOCRATS.

Governor Seymour's message, delivered to the Legislature of the State of New York on the 7th inst., may be regarded, perhaps, as an exposition of the views entertained by the Democratic or Conservative party, to which the new Governor of the Empire State belongs. Mr. Seymour says:—

Not only is the national life at stake, but every personal, family, and sacred interest involved. The truths of the financial and military situation must not be kept back. There must be no attempt to put down free expression of public opinion. Affrighted at the ruin they have wrought, the authors of our calamities, North and South, insist that it was caused by an unavoidable contest about slavery. This has been the subject, not the cause, of the controversy. We are to look for the causes of the war in the pervading disregard of obligations of laws and constitutions, in disrespect for constituted authority; above all, in the local prejudices which have grown up in the two portions of the Atlantic States at the two extremes of our country. There is no honest statement of our difficulties which does not teach that our people must reform themselves as well as the conduct of the Government and the policy of our rulers. It is not too late to save the country if we will enter upon our sacred duty in a right spirit and in the right way. When we do, the effort will be soon felt throughout the land and by the civilised world. We shall then strengthen the Government, weaken the rebellion, and unite our people; and the world will recognise our capacity for self-government when we show that we are capable of self-reform. Where it is the right of the Government to decide upon the means and policy, it is our duty to obey, and give ready support to their decision; this is the vital maxim of liberty. This war should have been averted, but when its floodgates were open, the Administration could not grasp its dimensions nor control its sweep. The Government, borne along with the current, struggled as it best could with the resistless tide, but few seemed able to comprehend its military or financial problems. Hence we are not to sit in harsh judgment upon errors in conduct or policy; but, while we concede all excuses for mistakes, we are not to adopt errors nor sanction violations of principle. The same causes which extenuate the facts in judgment must make us more vigilant to guard against their influences.

The Governor condemns the exercise of power under martial law as destructive of the rights of States, and of the judicial and legislative powers of the general Government. He declares the President's emancipation proclamation impolitic, unjust, and unconstitutional; calculated to raise many barriers to the restoration of the Union, likely to be misconstrued by the world as an abandonment of the hope of restoring it; a result to which New York is nobly opposed, and which will be effectually resisted. The Union will be restored by the central and western States, both free and slave, who are exempt from the violent passions which fear control at the extremes. These central slave States which rejected the ordinances of secession, which sought to remain in the Union, and which were driven away by a contemptuous and uncompromising policy, must be brought back. The restoration of the whole Union will then be only a work of time, with such exertion of power as can be put forth, without needlessly sacrificing the life and treasure of the North in a bloody contest. The national Constitution must be held inviolate, and the rights of States must be respected as not less sacred. A consolidated Government would destroy the home, rights, and liberties of the people. The suppression of journals and the imprisonment of persons have been glaringly partisan. Conscious of these gross abuses, an attempt has been made to shield the violators of law, and to suppress inquiry into their motives and conduct. This attempt will fail. Unconstitutional acts cannot be shielded by unconstitutional laws.

I shall not inquire (says Governor Seymour) what rights the States in rebellion have forfeited, but I deny that this rebellion can suspend a single right of the people in the loyal States. I denounce the doctrine that the civil war in the South takes away from the loyal North the benefits of one principle of civil liberty. It is a high crime to abduct a citizen of this State. It is made my duty by the Constitution to see that the laws are enforced. I

shall investigate every alleged violation of the statutes, and see that the offenders are brought to justice. The exertion of armed power must be accompanied by a firm and conciliatory policy to restore the Union with the least possible injury to both sections. At this moment the fortunes of your country are influenced by the results of battles. The armies in the field must be supported. All the Constitutional demands of the general Government must be promptly responded to. Under no circumstances can the division of the Union be conceded. We will put forth every exertion of power; we will use every policy of conciliation; we will hold out every inducement to the people of the South to return to their allegiance consistent with honour. We will guarantee them every right and every consideration demanded by the Constitution, and by the fraternal regard which must prevail in our common country; but we can never voluntarily consent to the breaking up of the Union or the destruction of the Constitution.

DEATH OF THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

SAID PACHA, Viceroy of Egypt, died on Sunday last at Cairo. His Highness had for a long time been in very feeble health, and during his stay in this country last summer to visit the International Exhibition, was on that account obliged to receive the deputations who sought interviews with him on board his yacht at Woolwich, where he remained the greater portion of the time he resided in England.

Said Pacha, fourth son of Mehemet Ali, was born in 1822, and succeeded in July, 1854, to the viceroyship, on the death of his nephew, Abbas Pacha, in virtue of an ordinance issued in 1841, which declares the Government of Egypt to be hereditary in the family of Mehemet Ali. His mother was a Circassian, who, having no other children, devoted herself wholly to his education. After receiving all the instruction which accords with Turkish educational ideas, he went through a course of European studies, under the direction of French professors, and especially of Koenig Bey, a learned Frenchman in the service of the Egyptian Court, and who, on the accession of Said Pacha, was appointed confidential secretary. Notwithstanding the aptitude of the late Viceroy for intellectual pursuits, his vigorous temperament led him to give the preference to active employment. Destined for the naval service by the express desire of his father, he was created Grand Admiral of the Fleet, and resided in that capacity in the Palace of Gabbari, near Alexandria, at the period when he was elevated to the throne by the sudden decease of Abbas Pacha. Three days afterwards he assumed supreme authority at Cairo, despite some slight indications of resistance on the part of Elfi Bey, the head of the old bigoted party. He afterwards went to Constantinople to receive investiture from the Sultan. The new Viceroy was enabled to gain the friendship and confidence of all the most influential members of the Divan, and gave decided proofs of devotion and fidelity towards his Sovereign. On his return to Egypt he armed a body of 10,000 men, whom he put under the command of Menikli Pacha, and who took an honourable part in the expedition to the Crimea. As regards the internal affairs of the kingdom, the government of Said Pacha has been on the whole progressive. He undertook on several occasions journeys of inspection into the different provinces, more particularly in the Soudan in 1856, which were followed by the removal of certain abuses, the introduction of various improvements in the administration and the assessment of imposts, and to various works of public utility either completed or commenced. The schools and scientific establishments on the European model, which had been abandoned in the preceding reign, received a fresh impulse under the authority of the Viceroy. The damming of the Nile, commenced by Mehemet Ali, was continued by Said Pacha, who also gave the sanction of his patronage to one enterprise of a very different character—viz., the Lesseps scheme for cutting the Isthmus of Suez, which his late Highness endeavoured to promote by all the means at the disposal of despotic power.

The obsequies of the late Viceroy were celebrated on the 18th. A great concourse was present at the ceremony.

Ismail Pacha, the new Viceroy, has taken possession of the Citadel, and received the authorities. Public opinion is very favourable to the new Viceroy. All the foreign Consuls and the Turkish authorities have arrived here from Alexandria. They were immediately received by Ismail Pacha.

FRENCH POLICY IN MEXICO.

THE following letter, addressed by the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Mexico, when the latter was about to proceed to the New World, develops the Emperor's views in the policy he now pursues in regard to Mexico:—

Fontainebleau, July 3, 1862.

My dear General,—At the moment when you are about to start for Mexico, charged with political and military powers, I think it useful to make you well acquainted with my ideas.

The line of conduct you will have to follow is:—1. To publish on your arrival a proclamation, the principal points of which will be indicated to you. 2. To receive with the greatest kindness all the Mexicans who shall present themselves. 3. Not to espouse the quarrel of any party; to declare that everything is provisional, so long as the Mexican nation shall not have expressed its opinion; to show great deference for religion, but at the same time to tranquillise the holders of national property. 4. To feed, pay, and arm, according to your means, the Mexican auxiliary troops, and make them play principal parts in the combat. 5. To maintain among your own troops, as well as among the auxiliaries, the most severe discipline; to vigorously repress any act or word insulting to the Mexicans, for the pride of their character must not be forgotten, and it is important for the success of the enterprise to conciliate the good feelings of the people.

When we shall have reached the city of Mexico it is to be desired that the principal persons of all political shades who shall have embraced our cause should come to an understanding with you to organise a Provisional Government. The Government will submit to the Mexican people the question of the political régime which is to be definitively established. An Assembly will be afterwards elected according to the Mexican laws.

You will aid the new Government to introduce into the Administration, and particularly into the finances, that regularity of which France offers the best model. For that purpose capable men will be sent to second its new organisation.

The object to be attained is not to impose on the Mexicans a form of Government which would be obnoxious, but to assist them in their efforts to establish, according to their own wishes, a Government which may have a chance of stability, and can secure to France the settlement of the injuries of which she has to complain.

It follows, as a matter of course, that, if the Mexicans prefer a monarchy, it is for the interest of France to support them in that path.

There will not be wanting people who will ask you why we expend men and money to found a regular Government in Mexico.

In the present state of the civilisation of the world the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is that country which feeds our manufactures, and gives an impulse to our commerce. We have an interest in the Republic of the United States being powerful and prosperous, but not that she should take possession of the whole of the Gulf of Mexico, thence command the Antilles as well as South America, and be the only dispenser of the products of the New World.

We now see by sad experience how precarious is the lot of a branch of manufacture which is compelled to procure its raw material in a single market, all the vicissitudes of which it has to bear.

If, on the contrary, Mexico maintains her independence and the integrity of her territory, if a stable Government be there constituted with the assistance of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side the Atlantic all its strength and its prestige; we shall have guaranteed security to our West India colonies and to those of Spain; we shall have established our friendly influence in the centre of America; and that influence, by creating immense markets for our commerce, will procure us the raw materials indispensable for our manufactures.

Mexico, thus regenerated, will always be well-disposed towards us, not only out of gratitude, but also because her interests will be in accord with ours, and because she will find support in her friendly relations with European Powers.

At present, therefore, our military honour engaged, the necessities of our policy, the interest of our industry and commerce, all conspire to make it our duty to march on Mexico, to boldly plant our flag there, and to establish either a monarchy, if not incompatible with the national feeling, or at least a Government which may promise some stability.

NAPOLÉON.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.—France is preparing another expedition to the Niger, under the command of Captain Magnan. Government has put three steamers, built for the purpose, at its disposition. One of them can be taken to pieces, in case of waterfalls being in the way of the expedition. The steam-boats, one of which is a screw, have all flat bottoms, and when laden draw only 3 ft. of water. Captain Magnan intends erecting stations at the Niger Delta—viz., at Karimans, at Tombuktu, and Bamaku. From the latter places caravans are to be dispatched regularly to Algiers and Senegambia, and a regular steam-boat navigation is to be established on the Niger.

DEATH OF HORACE VERNET.

THE greatest battle-painter of France is dead. Horace Vernet, at the ripe old age of seventy-three, has gone to his rest. The best tribute that can be offered to his memory is to recall, even briefly, the story of that life which ended on Saturday morning last. Emile Jean Horace Vernet was born in the Louvre on June 30, 1789, just a fortnight before the capture of the Bastille. His family, which came originally from the south of France, had already counted three distinguished painters amongst its members. The reputation of Antoine Vernet, Horace's great-grandfather, was chiefly confined to Avignon; but his son Joseph became the best marine painter of the day; and Carle Vernet, maintaining the family reputation, earned a prize at the Academy in his eighteenth year and obtained a high celebrity as a painter of horses and of battle-scenes. Young Horace soon showed a remarkable passion for art, which his relations did not seek to check. He studied under Moreau, Chalmers, and Vincent; but his chief teacher was his father. His first work, which was founded upon a mythological subject, had no success; but in his second, which was a battle-piece, the young artist—he was but twenty—broke boldly away from those "classical" traditions which David—rather a grandiose painter than a great one—had long maintained. It must not be imagined that Horace Vernet had any one sudden leap to success. In his youth he had to toil. Drawings for fashion-plates, and countless designs for booksellers, gradually gave him that facility which he afterwards turned to such good account. At twenty, with the wise imprudence of an artist, he married, and opened an atelier of his own. His work was fresh, strong, original. The popular painters of the day were conventional. They draped grenadiers in Grecian robes; painted a French regiment as though it were a Macedonian phalanx; and "idealised" a General of Brigade into a Roman Consul. Horace Vernet struck out a fresh path. He painted French soldiers as he saw them—by no means "majestic" in any classical sense of the word, but little, active, agile; the soldiers who conquered Italy without shoes—the soldiers of the Revolution. "The Capture of the Redoubt," one of his earlier works, was speedily followed by "The Hall of French Soldiers," "The Trumpeters," "The Barrière de Clichy." In 1812 he was awarded the first-class medal (Historical Painting), and in 1814 the Emperor created him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Even after Napoleon's fall, Vernet continued to give pictorial celebration to his triumphs. In 1822 a work of his was refused admission to the exhibition. The juries, carrying "loyalty" into matters of art, sought to punish the painter who was so indiscreet in his choice of subjects. They mistook their man. To their exclusion of his picture Horace Vernet promptly replied by opening an exhibition, on his own account, of his own works. His popularity increased. The battles of Jemappes, Valmy, Hannau, Montmirail, the defence of Saragossa, the death of Poniatowski—such were his subjects. In 1825 Charles X. raised him to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour, and in 1826 he was appointed a member of the Institute. In the same years he exhibited his two pictures of "Mazeppa," one of which he presented to Vaucluse, the place from which his family originally came. This little town, already immortalised by its connection with Petrarch, gave a hearty reception to the illustrious artist. Vernet, regarded with hostility by the Government, was naturally patronised by the Duc d'Orléans; but his reputation soon became too high for him to care much whether the Government proved adverse to him or not. So well was this known that he now received official commissions from the King; and all attempts to check or curb him in his choice of subjects were abandoned.

In 1828 he was appointed director of the Academy at Rome, and retained that office ten years. He lived in a style of great splendour, and his salons became amongst the most fashionable in Rome. Soon after the Revolution of 1830, the French Legation having departed, Vernet acted for a time as Chargé d'Affaires at the Roman Court; and the dignity of his nation assuredly did not suffer in the hands of the artist-diplomatist. Continuing his labours, Vernet was still a copious contributor to the French exhibitions; and the opportunities for study which he enjoyed in the metropolis of art were not neglected. Some of his works attained enormous popularity, others were sharply criticised, but all of them were, at any rate, vigorous and original. Amongst the productions of this period are some of his most celebrated compositions, such as "The Combat between Brigands and Papal Carabineers," "The Brigand's Confession," "The Hunting-Party in the Pontine Marshes," "Judith and Holofernes," and "The Arrival of the Duc d'Orléans at the Hôtel de Ville, 31st June, 1830." Louis Philippe, a liberal patron of Vernet, intrusted him with the task of decorating with his pictures the new Constantinian Gallery at Versailles. The painter paid several visits to Algeria; diligently studied the customs, character, and costume of the Arabs; refreshed his recollections of the French army, and thus prepared himself for a series of works which must be reckoned amongst his foremost triumphs. Nor did he confine himself to the delineation of military events, but, in pictures such as his "Rebecca," "Abraham and Hagar," "The Lion Hunt," "Council of Arabs," "Arab Mother Rescuing her Child from a Lion," and "Prayer in the Desert," showed the full variety and fertility of his genius. Already his reputation as a master was recognised throughout Europe, and no one was surprised when the King offered to raise him to the peerage. Horace Vernet declined the proffered honour. Not long before there had been a slight interruption in the friendly relations which so long subsisted between Louis Philippe and his illustrious subject. Vernet had refused to pervert historical truth by representing Louis XIV. mounting to the assault of Valenciennes, and an estrangement was the result. The artist, going to Russia, received a warm welcome from the late Emperor Nicholas, who himself took lessons from him. Returning to France, Vernet became reconciled with the King after the death of the Duc d'Orléans, and resumed his artistic labours. In eight months (1845) he painted "The capture of the Smala of Abd-el-Kader," one of the largest pictures ever executed; and in 1846 appeared his "Battle of Isly," which at once achieved a wide popularity. The progress of years did not seem to rob the master's hand of its cunning. In 1856 (then in his sixty-eighth year) he exhibited an episode of the last siege of Rome, called "Bastion No. 9," and soon afterwards he again visited the East. In 1855 he obtained the great medal of honour at the Universal Exposition.

Rich through his long labours, celebrated all over Europe, and surrounded by a host of admiring friends, Horace Vernet's closing years were as tranquil and serene as could be wished. There have been many greater painters in the world; there have been few who more perfectly achieved the task which they set themselves to do. Gifted with rare natural genius, he did not shrink from the labour which was requisite to develop it; and his marvellous facility—of which critics have talked loosely, as though it had been purely a natural endowment—was in reality the result of long study and of honest toil.

His race dies with him. His only daughter married Paul Delaroche. Had she borne a child it would have taken the double name—illustrious at all times in the annals of French art—of Vernet-Delaroche. This hope was not fulfilled. Vernet had to weep over a dead daughter, Delaroche over a dead wife, in 1845. But, if the family of the great artist is extinct, it may at least be said that in him, after long generations of honourable effort, it culminated. The last of the Vernets was also the greatest; and, as long as Frenchmen delight to gaze upon vivid representations of all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," so long will they remember and treasure the works, instinct with military fire, of the great man whose loss they—and not they alone—have now to deplore.

THE DANISH QUESTION.—The Danish Government's reply to Earl Russell's last despatch has been published, and is somewhat sharp in tone. It declares that the admission of the autonomy of Holstein is not, as Earl Russell considers, the duty of Denmark, but merely a great sacrifice which existing circumstances have forced from her, and which was only made on condition that no foreign intervention in the affairs of the monarchy should take place. As regards Schleswig, the note observes, Earl Russell has given more credit to the secret reports of a subordinate agent than to the open and loyal declarations of the Danish Government. For this reason Denmark will in future adhere to the points of international law engaged in the question, and will enter into negotiations with nobody concerning the state of affairs in Schleswig.

THE GAROTTER PERPLEXED.

THE garotte panic has very considerably diminished since we last wrote some particulars concerning it, and, as we expected, there has been apparently an immediate diminution of the crime, when some stronger topic of public interest, or a more healthy state of public feeling, has superseded the fear which magnified every robbery with, or even without, violence into a systematic and scientific infliction of the garotte, with a wrist-bone nicely adjusted to the throat, and a muscular human arm in place of the steel tourniquet, which is the Spanish instrument of public strangulation. By this time, too, the cutlers and walking-stick makers must have pretty well cleared out their stock of dagger-knives, life-preservers, and loaded bludgeons, possibly to the advantage of the "garotters" themselves, who were thus enabled to set up in business at a small outlay of capital; and a dozen inventions which were intended as a "counter" to the street ruffian have been exposed for sale, and tempted the wayfarer who thought of his nightly walk through an outlying suburb. Our Engraving represents one of the most effective and terrible of these inventions, itself an improvement on the "nuckle-duster," and as ugly a weapon when worn on a ready hand as any we have seen. Long and serious must have been the cogitation of the sturdy thief as he contemplated this implement, and felt a tingling sensation in a face which would stand a blow from a fist without much injury. With a very critical eye must he have measured the length of the projecting spike, and calculated how much more warily he would henceforth have to sneak upon his prey. The garotter may be a wild beast, but he is also a cowardly beast; and if the display of weapons has done no other good, it may have helped to teach him that he was playing a game too desperate for the safety of his own carcass; that the public indignation would show him as little mercy as he had shown to helpless and infirm men, or to delicate and unprotected women.

THE NEW DINING-SALOON AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.

IN a recent Number we gave some particulars of the Palais Royal and the new and magnificent apartments now occupied by Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde. Our Engraving this week represents the dining-saloon, one of the most superb of the entire suite. Leaving the old chapel, the visitor arrives at the Salle des Colonnes, in which much of the ancient decoration has been preserved, and afterwards enters the little chapel referred to in our previous description. This is lighted by arched windows, and the vaulted roof is painted blue and studded with stars. The altar is formed of a slab of marble, supported by five small pillars of massive gold. A statue of Notre Dame des Victoires surmounts the tabernacle. The vestry and the almoner's apartments occupy the upper part of the building. This chapel has been recently constructed and endowed. On the opposite side of the Salle des Colonnes, in returning to the Cour d'Honneur, is the apartment represented in our Engraving, adjoining the suite of the Princess Clotilde, who lived in the left wing previous to the death of Prince Jerome. This room is a long parallelogram, ornamented at the part which faces the terrace with six handsome stucco columns. The ceiling is clouded in blue, and the panels are decorated with female demi-figures, terminating in drapery. These alternate with garlands of fruit and flowers, which spring from pedestals supporting the busts of Buffon, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Molière, and Descartes. The end of the room is occupied by a chimney-piece of white marble, of splendid proportions.

The centre apartments, situated in the Cour d'Honneur, are specially intended for State occasions. The first of the suite from the Salle des Colonnes has preserved its old name of the Cabinet des Bijoux, and formerly contained a collection of valuable. This communicates with the next room by an arched arcade, and in decoration resembles the Saloon of Fêtes. The ceiling of the latter is of an oval form, and clouded blue, with richly-moulded cornices. A lofty and handsomely-ornamented chimney-piece supports a bust of the Emperor, and above this two sculptured figures hold an escutcheon displaying the Imperial arms. In the middle of the gallery is a fountain, surrounded by finely-sculptured figures, representing zephyrs and furnished with girandoles, which are reflected from the falling water as it falls from the first reservoir to the second in a glistening sheet.

A second arcade leads to the ancient Salle Rouge, or Salon de Psyche, but now named the Salle des Batailles. The panels are covered by enormous pieces of ancient tapestry representing some of the battles of the time of Louis XIV.—historic pages treated in the large style of Van der Meulen, and of fine effect when seen in the noble room of which they are the principal attraction. It would be well, perhaps, if the furniture (which is of garnet velvet, with gilt-bronze ornaments) partook more of the character of the time with which the room is associated.

It is believed that the short description we have been enabled to give of the modern Palais Royal will not be uninteresting, since, although that building is no longer the centre of a Court and of Parisian life, it is still of historical value, and retains its connection with the history of the country and with the ruling families in France.

IRELAND.

THE POTENT, GRAVE, AND REVEREND SIGNIORS OF BELFAST.—Mr. John Rea, a member of the Belfast Town Council, has lately been keeping his colleagues in rather hot water. At the meetings he "opposed everything," and contradicted everybody, as a freeman and a "member of the Town Council" was entitled to do; but he occasionally did so in language that no one is entitled to use either in a civic council or anywhere else. According to ordinary practice, a rather exciting scene occurred at a meeting of the council a few days ago. Mr. John Rea got into a violent personal altercation with another member, the result of which was a regular challenge to fight, coat sleeves rolled up, and fists in regular pugilistic attitude—each challenging the other to "Come on!" However, there were no blows, as the other members interfered; and Mr. Rea soon afterwards left, handing some silver to the chairman as a fine for going away without liberty.

SCOTLAND.

OLDER THAN METHUSELAH.—There is a pauper woman in the parish of Edinkillie who is so old that she herself cannot tell her age, and there is no other who can do so. Last week a gentleman called on her, and among other questions inquired her age. She replied, "Indeed, Sir, I dinna ken; but I'm sure am a thousand at any rate!" She is still able to move about, and bids fair to add yet another year or two to the number.

THE PROVINCES.

THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS OF DURHAM.—An archaeological survey of Auckland Palace, the seat of the Lord Bishop of Durham, was made last week by Mr. F. R. Wilson, architect, Alnwick. This has hitherto been considered to have been simply a manorial residence of the early Bishops. But a series of interesting discoveries were made by Mr. Wilson, proving that this principal seat of the episcopal power, built by the martial Bishop, Anthony Beck, in the Edwardian era, was in every respect a fortified castle, with a circumvallation, strengthened by towers, as in the feudal examples of the same period. The sites of several of these towers were ascertained. The great hall, mentioned by Godwin de Fresalibus, "wherein are divers pillars of black marble, speckled with white," is incorporated in the present pile, as is the "goody chapel of well squared stone," recorded by the same writer to have been built by Bishop Beck; and the palace generally is found to possess features of much architectural interest.

THE COLLIERY CALAMITY AT WORSBOROUGH DALE.—After more than a month of tedious expectation, the operation of flooding Edmund's Main Colliery is at length completed. The explosion occurred on the 8th of December, and on the Thursday following the stream of water commenced to flow into the mine. About a fortnight ago means were taken to increase the stream, and by deepening the trench nearly double the former supply was obtained. On the morning of Friday week the pit was full, the water reached the roof on both sides, but not being quite up to the roof of the arch at the bottom of the downcast shafts. Upwards of a month has thus been occupied in flooding this vast mine. A consultation of several eminent engineers took place at the colliery offices, the object being to decide upon the future course of operations, when it was resolved to allow the water flow into the mine until it had filled the shaft for some feet above the arch, and then, after waiting a day or two, to make assurance doubly sure, to commence pumping out the mine. There can be no doubt that this operation will occupy several months. It is estimated that there are twenty-five acres under water, and, as the pumps do not extend beyond the top of the engine-plane, the water in the extensive dipboards will have to be got out by a laborious process. Every available man will be employed to empty the mine as soon as possible; but the most sanguine do not anticipate that the bodies of the men lost in the mine will be recovered in less than two or three months.

the guillotine; under the Directory, liberty to establish republics where they were not wanted; under the Empire, liberty to found kingdoms for the cadets and adopted children of the Napoleon family. At present, in the more or less United States of America, it means liberty to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act and to intrust the President with irresponsible power; liberty to repudiate the principles on which the United States were first established; and liberty to reduce the South to political servitude, under pretence of emancipating their slaves. We have never admitted in England, as an absolute principle, that every nation has a right to choose its own Government. This, however, is the great democratic principle of the day, though it appears that it is not thought right to apply it in the one case in which it would have the effect of breaking up an already existing democracy.

As to the result of the war, we cannot see what hope is left for the Federals if it be really true that at the last great battle General Stuart's brigade charged right through the Federal army and captured a number of ammunition-waggons just when the Southern cannons were beginning to cease firing. What chance can the North have when it is the North itself that supplies the South with the materials of war? We are told one day that the South has neither arms nor ammunition. A few days afterwards it is amply provided with every requisite for an army on active service. One explanation seems to be, that whenever the Confederates are short of arms, ammunition, or other *matériel*, that pestilent fellow, General Stuart, makes a dash at some dépôt or supply-train of the Northerners, and forthwith the Southerners are amply furnished with everything absolutely necessary to fighting, and fight they accordingly do. Another explanation probably is, that as the 'cute Yankee cannot resist the temptation to do a "trade" on advantageous terms, he sells to both the Confederates and the Federals with the most commendable impartiality, and that it is from this source that the large smuggling business carried on across the frontier-line of the two belligerents has its origin. True, the Southerner has little cash to give in exchange for goods of any description; but what of that? Greenbacks are probably of about equal value, whether printed in Washington or Richmond.

AMERICA AND THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

We have already recorded the fact that some time ago the leading inhabitants of New York, with the Chamber of Commerce at their head, determined to open a subscription to aid in relieving the distress in the manufacturing districts of England, and that the appeal made to the general public in the United States—that is, the portions of those States still under the sway of President Lincoln and not the theatre of warlike operations—had been liberally responded to. But, as hard cash was, and is, a rather scarce article in America, while her granaries and provision stores are full to overflowing; and as, moreover, it is very wisely decided that contributions of provisions should be received. These flowed in freely, and a question at once arose as to the means of conveying the good things contributed to the hungry mouths in England for which they were intended. In these circumstances, Messrs. Griswold and Co. tendered the use of their splendid ship, the *George Griswold*, to convey a cargo free of all cost to Liverpool. Our Engraving represents this fine vessel loading in the port of New York with the flour, bacon, and other articles contributed; and, on her arrival at her port of destination, she will no doubt be welcomed in a manner befitting so generous and friendly an expression of sympathy with our suffering workmen as this subscription conveys. The Federal Government has ordered a ship of war to convey the *George Griswold* to Liverpool, so as to secure her from the depredations of the redoubtable Alabama—a precaution which, while indicating the goodwill of the Washington Cabinet, is perhaps unnecessary; for, judging by his past conduct, Captain Semmes is not likely to interrupt the *George Griswold* while engaged in the mission of mercy to which her owners have so nobly dedicated her. The ship, according to late reports, was being crammed in every corner, and will bring a most valuable cargo of the staff of life to these shores.

FEARFUL CALAMITY AT LOCARNO.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore, gives the following account of a terrible occurrence which has recently taken place at Locarno:—

This town is one of those pretty little half Italian, half Swiss, towns which line the north-west shores of the Lago Maggiore; but, not being minutely described in "Murray," it is comparatively little known to the English tourist, who hurries past it to the more fashionable Baveno or Belgirate. As the steamer floats past the traveller will notice a clean-looking town, backed by a chain of hills, the most striking point in the picture being the cupola of a fine old cathedral-looking church. It is of this building that I have to speak. The Church of La Madonna del Sasso, with its dome towering over the other buildings, its coloured marbles, and its quaint old frescoes by Lufini, is the one sight of the little city. On Sunday, the 9th inst., there was present in that church a great congregation, composed, as is usually the case in this part of Europe, almost entirely of women. The men lounging about the piazza pointed out to one another the enormous quantity of snow which had fallen during the last six days and nights in an almost unbroken column. The landscape glittered in its white covering, and even the buildings of the city looked like a scene in some fantastic play. Suddenly there was a dead, heavy fall. "Evidently," they said, "another distant avalanche," and then a scream and a murmur of great horror, which spread through the quiet streets. All rushed to the spot, and found a scene which the letters I have seen describe as horrible past all conception. The dome which covered the body of the church had never been cleared of the constantly falling snow, and the immense weight accumulated was too great for the strength of the worn-out building. The whole dome gave way and fell on the congregation, then kneeling in prayer. In that position fifty-three female corpses were found, after the ruins had been cleared by the intrepid bravery and the untiring labour of the inhabitants. One female, a bride of twenty years of age, named Bono, was alone extricated alive, and was carried to her home with "some hopes of recovery," says my informant, but she had broken one arm and both her legs. One old man, alone, perished among the fifty-three women who fell victims in this awful ruin.

It seems to me that there must have been great carelessness somewhere, when, after nearly a week's incessant fall, the snow was still left to accumulate on the tottering cupola of a medieval church. Fifty-three women have perished; but imagine what would have been the destruction had this catastrophe happened on one of the great festivals of the Church. There would not have been fifty, but five hundred, corpses now recently buried in the Campo Santo of that little town.

SOMEbody's LUGGAGE.—It is related that when M. Grabow, President of the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, arrived the other day in Berlin the crowd of people at the gate had their suspicions aroused by the vast bulk of a chest that accompanied him. It was far too much baggage for any ordinary traveller, and they fancied that the respectable-looking elderly gentleman who owned it wished to smuggle in provisions liable to toll, with which he proposed nourishing himself economically during his stay in Berlin. So the chest was opened; but, instead of its proving to be a travelling larder, it was found to contain only the intellectual and political nourishment since served up to the Deputies on their well-covered table in the form of nearly 200 addresses and upwards of 200,000 signatures.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The statements of the revenue, direct and indirect, for 1862, 1861, and 1860, as published in the *Moniteur*, are more favourable than might have been expected in existing circumstances. Most of the items under the head of indirect contributions show a progressive increase; 1860 presents a total of 1,073,712,000*f.*; 1861, 1,099,566,000*f.*; while 1862 is in advance of both, and gives as its total 1,190,687,000*f.*; or an increase of 91 millions over 1861, and near 117 millions over 1860.

It is asserted that orders have been given that the fortifications of the military storehouses and arsenals of the French ports shall be iron-plated, like ships.

ITALY.

A singular scruple has led to the resignation of the Italian Minister of Marine, Marquis Ricci. On taking office he presented himself to his constituents for re-election. He did not obtain a majority of the votes—that is to say, not that he was outvoted, for he obtained 302 votes against 3; but only a minority of the constituency voted at all. The Marquis Ricci declared this fact a proof of want of confidence on the part of the constituency, and insisted on resigning his office. His colleagues are thereby much embarrassed, for they are all, save one, in a similar position, and they do not like to seem deficient in political spirit, especially as their Parliamentary opponents are good-naturedly urging them to resign at once. It does not, however, seem likely that they will follow such a whimsical example. We should be rather surprised were an English Minister to resign because an absolute majority of his constituents did not poll at his election.

Some sensation has been created in Naples by the arrest of a lady of rank—the Princess Barberini Sforza—who was discovered to be carrying on the agency of a treasonable and Bourbonian conspiracy. The police had for some time watched the movements of this lady, who was well known to have constant assemblages of Bourbons in her house; and finally, when on the way towards the Roman frontier, she was arrested, and found to be engaged in conveying a treasonable correspondence to the ex-King Francis. She is now in prison, along with some accomplices.

PRUSSIA.

A Berlin journal asserts that all prospect of an understanding between Prussia and Austria on the Customs question had been most positively renounced by the President of the Prussian Ministry. The President has even declared he would give notice of Prussia's intention to quit the Zollverein in order to remove the vague engagement relative to Austria into which the Zollverein entered by the treaties of the 19th of February and 4th of April, 1853.

RUSSIA.

The commission appointed by the Emperor of Russia to consider and prepare reforms in the system of taxation has recommended a reduction of the duties upon the importation of refined sugar during four years, the reduction to be effected at the rate of half a rouble yearly until the whole import duty upon the article brought in by land and sea shall stand at a uniform rate of three roubles per pood—a weight of about 36lb.

GREECE.

The National Assembly at Athens has terminated its examination into the validity of the elections. Attacks by brigands have taken place in the provinces, but the offenders are energetically pursued. The metropolis is quiet, although some apprehension for the future prevails.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

The effect of President Lincoln's slavery proclamation in the South was not known in New York, but it had created great dissatisfaction in the Border States, both among the slaves and the white population.

In response to a request of Secretary Chase, a bill had been introduced in the House of Representatives proposing to issue 50,000,000*dols.* of greenbacks to pay arrears due to the army. Another bill, introduced by Mr. Spaulding, provides for an issue of 600,000,000*dols.* of Treasury bonds for the payment of the creditors of the Government, and to meet the exigencies of the public service.

A detachment of General Stuart's cavalry made another raid into Dumfries on the 2nd inst., and captured ten sutlers and a quantity of public stores. It is reported that General Stuart had cut off the telegraphic communication between General Burnside's army and the capital.

Despatches from General Grant to General Halleck report that General Sullivan defeated the Confederates under General Forrest, at Lexington, Tennessee, on the 1st, capturing six cannon and many prisoners. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded is put down at 1400, and that of the Federals at 800.

General Butler had been serenaded at New York. In recognition of the compliment he said:—

My Fellow-countrymen.—This is no time for making speeches. I have to thank you for this most kind greeting. There is no reward for a public servant like the commendation of those who have a right to his services, and for this flattering manifestation of your regard I pray you accept my heartfelt thanks.

The audience were somewhat surprised by this brevity, and after some cheering, interspersed with laughter and cries of "Short and sweet!" withdrew. In the parlour of his hotel General Butler was greeted by many friends. One lady said to him that she was happy to grasp the hand of the only man who could manage the Secessionists of New Orleans, and she hoped he would do the same good work in Charleston. This remark had reference to a report that Butler is to be appointed to the command in South Carolina, Georgia, and other States. A requisition was in circulation to get up a public demonstration to the General.

LOSS OF THE MONITOR.

The iron-clad battery, the *Monitor*, went down off Cape Hatteras in a gale of wind on the 30th ult., it may almost be said with all hands on board, only part of her crew having been rescued by a paddle-steamer that accompanied her. She narrowly escaped the same fate in her southward voyage to Hampton Roads, where her opportune arrival was worth a whole fleet—and saved one. She seems to have sunk from the weight of her iron-plating. It made her invulnerable in her fight with the *Merrimac*, but caused her loss when disabled in the open ocean. The seas that washed over her deck found their way down her funnel. She was soon waterlogged, and sank. In this case the newest application of the oldest expedient of defence has produced something like a repetition of a disaster well known in ancient warfare. In certain circumstances the weight of his armour was fatal to the horseman who could defy sword and spear. The iron batteries that can fight in smooth water without risk are in imminent peril at sea, even with no enemy but the wind and waves. The first two vessels of the class have both perished, and both ingloriously. The *Merrimac* was destroyed purposely, to escape capture. The *Monitor* has disappeared in a sea that would not have been fatal to a vessel less formidable. Yet both did remarkable service in a great war, and have left their names in one of the most important chapters of naval history. The loss of the *Monitor* has excited enough attention to occasion an official inquiry into the cause of the disaster; and, as some of the crew escaped, it may be possible to ascertain whether any neglect contributed to it. But in the account of the wreck as it stands there seems nothing inexplicable. She was not buoyant enough to live in a sea not excessively high, but such as may be expected on any coast at any season of the year.

THE BATTLE AT MURFREESBORO'.

WITH the advent of the new year the tide of victory seems to have turned in favour of the Federal arms. First of all in importance stands the great battle at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, which commenced,

after four days' brisk skirmishing, on Dec. 30, and continued, with little intermission, until the evening of Saturday, Jan. 3. General Rosecranz' army, which numbered at least 80,000 men after the battle of Perryville, had been reduced by the detachment of regiments to guard his line of communications to less than 60,000, and of this number 8000 were left to garrison Nashville, when he started from that city on Dec. 26. The strength of the Confederates is not accurately known, but it was in all probability greater than this, for the Conscription Act had done its work thoroughly in that section, and every regiment was called in from every subordinate point to take part in this engagement, which Generals Bragg and Johnston intended to make a conflict which should decide the fate of the south-west by giving them possession of Nashville. President Davis also recognised the importance of the pending conflict, for it was less than a fortnight before battle was joined that he passed through Murfreesboro' on a tour of inspection of the different detachments of the south-western army. In numbers General Rosecranz had to fight a superior force; but his army was made up almost entirely of veterans who had never suffered defeat, although they had been checked once or twice during their campaign. They knew that defeat would be ruin to them, for their communication with their depôts of supplies had been broken, and if driven back they could find no safe place of refuge. These considerations are sufficient to explain why General Rosecranz continued the almost hopeless conflict, day after day, until his pertinacity wore out his antagonist and caused him to abandon the field; and they show also why General Bragg continued to make assault after assault in the hope of finding some weak point in the lines of the Federal force. On the first day General Rosecranz was beaten back with great loss. The struggle was renewed on four successive days, with varying fortune; on the fifth day the battle was closed at nightfall, after severe slaughter on both sides. In the morning, when General Rosecranz expected to renew the contest, he found that the enemy had disappeared, and was in full retreat to Tullahoma, thirty miles distant, on the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway. General Rosecranz occupied Murfreesboro', but had not been able to pursue General Bragg's army, which retired in good order, carrying their prisoners and about thirty captured cannon with them. The Federals state their loss at 6500 killed and wounded, several thousand prisoners, and twenty-eight pieces of artillery. Generals Willich and Fry are among the prisoners. The Confederate loss is estimated at 4500 killed and wounded and 1000 prisoners. All the negroes captured by the Confederates were immediately shot. At present it is impossible to tell whether the result can be called a decisive Confederate defeat or a disputed Federal victory. General Rosecranz had Murfreesboro', that is certain; but the accounts thus far received do not make it clear whether he had anything more than a battle-field covered with his own slain. The Confederates, it is said, buried their own dead and the Federal officers who had fallen. A force demoralised by defeat is not likely to tarry in its tracks long enough to do such work as this; and, if General Bragg carried off successfully thirty odd cannon and the 4000 prisoners whom he had captured, he will be able to make a very fair case before his superiors, on the ground that he inflicted upon his antagonist heavier loss than he sustained himself. It is not at all impossible that General Rosecranz may come up with the retreating Confederates in some stronger position than it will be prudent to attack with his shattered forces; and unless the pursuit is most carefully conducted he may yet be compelled to retrace his steps towards Nashville. It is difficult to see from what quarter reinforcements can be sent to General Rosecranz. All the troops within his reach, reserves and all, were engaged in the five days' fighting, and were more or less cut up. In fact, the despatches state that they were terribly shattered, and that from 6000 to 7000 had been killed and wounded, besides prisoners and missing. The loss of officers which they sustained was exceedingly heavy; and it would seem as though a few days' delay, at least, for a partial reorganisation was imperatively necessary.

A successful attempt upon the bridges of the Eastern Tennessee Railroad by a Federal cavalry force, under General Carter, is a most important demonstration. In these mountainous districts there are long stretches of trestle-work, and bridges which have been erected at great expense and labour. One or two of these structures, in the immediate vicinity of the place where General Carter commenced his operations, if destroyed, could not be replaced with less than five or six months' labour; and as the despatches make it appear that the work of destruction has been thoroughly accomplished, it is but fair to infer that this important railroad line has been most seriously disabled, and that at a time when it seemed positively necessary that it should be working without interruption for the rapid transportation of supplies.

THE POLICY OF THE DEMOCRATS.

Governor Seymour's message, delivered to the Legislature of the State of New York on the 7th inst., may be regarded, perhaps, as an exposition of the views entertained by the Democratic or Conservative party, to which the new Governor of the Empire State belongs. Mr. Seymour says:—

Not only is the national life at stake, but every personal, family, and sacred interest involved. The truths of the financial and military situation must not be kept back. There must be no attempt to put down free expression of public opinion. Affrighted at the ruin they have wrought, the authors of our calamities, North and South, insist that it was caused by an unavoidable contest about slavery. This has been the subject, not the cause, of the controversy. We are to look for the causes of the war in the pervading disregard of obligations of laws and constitutions, in disrespect for constituted authority; above all, in the local prejudices which have grown up in the two portions of the Atlantic States at the two extremes of our country. There is no honest statement of our difficulties which does not teach that our people must reform themselves as well as the conduct of the Government and the policy of our rulers. It is not too late to save the country if we will enter upon our sacred duty in a right spirit and in the right way. When we do, the effort will be soon felt throughout the land and by the civilised world. We shall then strengthen the Government, weaken the rebellion, and unite our people; and the world will recognise our capacity for self-government when we show that we are capable of self-reform. Where it is the right of the Government to decide upon the means and policy, it is our duty to obey, and give ready support to their decision; this is the vital maxim of liberty. This war should have been averted, but when its floodgates were open, the Administration could not grasp its dimensions nor control its sweep. The Government, borne along with the current, struggled as it best could with the resistless tide, but few seemed able to comprehend its military or financial problems. Hence we are not to sit in harsh judgment upon errors in conduct or policy; but, while we concede all excuses for mistakes, we are not to adopt errors nor sanction violations of principle. The same causes which extenuate the facts in judgment must make us more vigilant to guard against their influences.

The Governor condemns the exercise of power under martial law as destructive of the rights of States, and of the judicial and legislative powers of the general Government. He declares the President's emancipation proclamation impolitic, unjust, and unconstitutional; calculated to raise many barriers to the restoration of the Union, likely to be misconstrued by the world as an abandonment of the hope of restoring it; a result to which New York is nobly opposed, and which will be effectually resisted. The Union will be restored by the central and western States, both free and slave, who are exempt from the violent passions which fear control at the extremes. Those central slave States which rejected the ordinance of secession, which sought to remain in the Union, and which were driven away by a contemptuous and uncompromising policy, must be brought back. The restoration of the whole Union will then be only a work of time, with such exertion of power as can be put forth, without needlessly sacrificing the life and treasure of the North in a bloody contest. The national Constitution must be held inviolate, and the rights of States must be respected as not less sacred. A consolidated Government would destroy the home, rights, and liberties of the people. The suppression of journals and the imprisonment of persons have been glaringly partisan. Conscious of these gross abuses, an attempt has been made to shield the violators of law, and to suppress inquiry into their motives and conduct. This attempt will fail. Unconstitutional acts cannot be shielded by unconstitutional laws.

I shall not inquire (says Governor Seymour) what rights the States in rebellion have forfeited, but I deny that this rebellion can suspend a single right of the people in the loyal States. I denounce the doctrine that the civil war in the South takes away from the loyal North the benefits of one principle of civil liberty. It is a high crime to abduct a citizen of this State, it is made my duty by the Constitution to see that the laws are enforced. I

shall investigate every alleged violation of the statutes, and see that the offenders are brought to justice. The exertion of armed power must be accompanied by a firm and conciliatory policy to restore the Union with the least possible injury to both sections. At this moment the fortunes of your country are influenced by the results of battles. The armies in the field must be supported. All the Constitutional demands of the general Government must be promptly responded to. Under no circumstances can the division of the Union be conceded. We will put forth every exertion of power; we will use every policy of conciliation; we will hold out every inducement to the people of the South to return to their allegiance consistent with honour. We will guarantee them every right and every consideration demanded by the Constitution, and by the fraternal regard which must prevail in our common country; but we can never voluntarily consent to the breaking up of the Union or the destruction of the Constitution.

DEATH OF THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

SAID PACHA, Viceroy of Egypt, died on Sunday last at Cairo. His Highness had for a long time been in very feeble health, and during his stay in this country last summer to visit the International Exhibition, was on that account obliged to receive the deputations who sought interviews with him on board his yacht at Woolwich, where he remained the greater portion of the time he resided in England.

Said Pacha, fourth son of Mehemet Ali, was born in 1822, and succeeded in July, 1854, to the viceroyship, on the death of his nephew, Abbas Pacha, in virtue of an ordinance issued in 1841, which declares the Government of Egypt to be hereditary in the family of Mehemet Ali. His mother was a Circassian, who, having no other children, devoted herself wholly to his education. After receiving all the instruction which accords with Turkish educational ideas, he went through a course of European studies, under the direction of French professors, and especially of Koenig Bey, a learned Frenchman in the service of the Egyptian Court, and who, on the accession of Said Pacha, was appointed confidential secretary. Notwithstanding the aptitude of the late Viceroy for intellectual pursuits, his vigorous temperament led him to give the preference to active employment. Destined for the naval service by the express desire of his father, he was created Grand Admiral of the Fleet, and resided in that capacity in the Palace of Gabbari, near Alexandria, at the period when he was elevated to the throne by the sudden decease of Abbas Pacha. Three days afterwards he assumed supreme authority at Cairo, despite some slight indications of resistance on the part of Elif Bey, the head of the old bigoted party. He afterwards went to Constantinople to receive investiture from the Sultan. The new Viceroy was enabled to gain the friendship and confidence of all the most influential members of the Divan, and gave decided proofs of devotion and fidelity towards his Sovereign. On his return to Egypt he armed a body of 10,000 men, whom he put under the command of Menikli Pacha, and who took an honourable part in the expedition to the Crimea. As regards the internal affairs of the kingdom, the government of Said Pacha has been on the whole progressive. He undertook on several occasions journeys of inspection into the different provinces, more particularly in the Soudan in 1856, which were followed by the removal of certain abuses, the introduction of various improvements in the administration and the assessment of imposts, and to various works of public utility either completed or commenced. The schools and scientific establishments on the European model, which had been abandoned in the preceding reign, received a fresh impulse under the authority of the Viceroy. The damming of the Nile, commenced by Mehemet Ali, was continued by Said Pacha, who also gave the sanction of his patronage to one enterprise of a very different character—viz., the Lesseps scheme for cutting the Isthmus of Suez, which his late Highness endeavoured to promote by all the means at the disposal of despot power.

The obsequies of the late Viceroy were celebrated on the 18th. A great concourse was present at the ceremony.

Ismail Pacha, the new Viceroy, has taken possession of the Citadel, and received the authorities. Public opinion is very favourable to the new Viceroy. All the foreign Consuls and the Turkish authorities have arrived here from Alexandria. They were immediately received by Ismail Pacha.

FRENCH POLICY IN MEXICO.

THE following letter, addressed by the Emperor Napoleon to General Forey, Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Mexico, when the latter was about to proceed to the New World, develops the Emperor's views in the policy he now pursues in regard to Mexico:—

Fontainebleau, July 3, 1862.

My dear General,—At the moment when you are about to start for Mexico, charged with political and military powers, I think it useful to make you well acquainted with my ideas.

The line of conduct you will have to follow is:—1. To publish on your arrival a proclamation, the principal points of which will be indicated to you. 2. To receive with the greatest kindness all the Mexicans who shall present themselves. 3. Not to espouse the quarrel of any party; to declare that everything is provisional, so long as the Mexican nation shall not have expressed its opinion; to show great deference for religion, but at the same time to tranquillise the holders of national property. 4. To feed, pay, and arm, according to your means, the Mexican auxiliary troops, and make them play principal parts in the combats. 5. To maintain among your own troops, as well as among the auxiliaries, the most severe discipline; to vigorously repress any act or word insulting to the Mexicans, for the pride of their character must not be forgotten, and it is important for the success of the enterprise to conciliate the good feelings of the people.

When we shall have reached the city of Mexico it is to be desired that the principal persons of all political shades who shall have embraced our cause should come to an understanding with you to organise a Provisional Government. The Government will submit to the Mexican people the question of the political régime which is to be definitively established. An Assembly will be afterwards elected according to the Mexican laws.

You will aid the new Government to introduce into the Administration, and particularly into the finances, that regularity of which France offers the best model. For that purpose capable men will be sent to second its new organisation.

The object to be attained is not to impose on the Mexicans a form of Government which would be obnoxious, but to assist them in their efforts to establish, according to their own wishes, a Government which may have a chance of stability, and can secure to France the settlement of the injuries of which she has to complain.

It follows, as a matter of course, that, if the Mexicans prefer a monarchy, it is for the interest of France to support them in that path.

There will not be wanting people who will ask you why we expend men and money to found a regular Government in Mexico.

In the present state of the civilisation of the world the prosperity of America is not a matter of indifference to Europe, for it is that country which feeds our manufactures and gives an impulse to our commerce. We have an interest in the Republic of the United States being powerful and prosperous, but not that she should take possession of the whole of the Gulf of Mexico, thence command the Antilles as well as South America, and be the only dispenser of the products of the New World.

We now see by sad experience how precarious is the lot of a branch of manufacture which is compelled to procure its raw material in a single market, all the vicissitudes of which it has to bear.

If, on the contrary, Mexico maintains her independence and the integrity of her territory, if a stable Government be there constituted with the assistance of France, we shall have restored to the Latin race on the other side the Atlantic all its strength and its prestige; we shall have guaranteed security to our West India colonies and to those of Spain; we shall have established our friendly influence in the centre of America; and that influence, by creating immense markets for our commerce, will procure us the raw materials indispensable for our manufactures.

Mexico, thus regenerated, will always be well-disposed towards us, not only out of gratitude, but also because her interests will be in accord with ours, and because she will find support in her friendly relations with European Powers.

At present, therefore, our military honour engaged, the necessities of our policy, the interest of our industry and commerce, all conspire to make it our duty to march on Mexico, to boldly plant our flag there, and to establish either a monarchy, if not incompatible with the national feeling, or at least a Government which may promise some stability.

NAPOLÉON.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TO THE NIGER.—France is preparing another expedition to the Niger, under the command of Captain Magnan. Government has put three steamers, built for the purpose, at its disposition. One of them can be taken to pieces, in case of waterfalls being in the way of the expedition. The steam-boats, one of which is a screw, have all flat bottoms, and when laden draw only 3½ ft. of water. Captain Magnan intends erecting stations at the Niger Delta—viz., at Karimann, at Tombuktu, and Bamaku. From the latter places caravans are to be dispatched regularly to Algiers and Senegambia, and a regular steam-boat navigation is to be established on the Niger.

DEATH OF HORACE VERNET.

THE greatest battle-painter of France is dead. Horace Vernet, at the ripe old age of seventy-three, has gone to his rest. The best tribute that can be offered to his memory is to recall, even briefly, the story of that life which ended on Saturday morning last. Emile Jean Horace Vernet was born in the Louvre on June 30, 1789, just a fortnight before the capture of the Bastille. His family, which came originally from the south of France, had already counted three distinguished painters amongst its members. The reputation of Antoine Vernet, Horace's great-grandfather, was chiefly confined to Avignon; but his son Joseph became the best marine painter of the day; and Carle Vernet, maintaining the family reputation, earned a prize at the Academy in his eighteenth year and obtained a high celebrity as a painter of horses and of battle-scenes. Young Horace soon showed a remarkable passion for art, which his relations did not seek to check. He studied under Moreau, Chalmers, and Vincent; but his chief teacher was his father. His first work, which was founded upon a mythological subject, had no success; but in his second, which was a battle-piece, the young artist—he was but twenty—broke boldly away from those "classical" traditions which David—rather a grandiose painter than a great one—had long maintained. It must not be imagined that Horace Vernet had any one sudden leap to success. In his youth he had to toil. Drawings for fashion-plates, and countless designs for booksellers, gradually gave him that facility which he afterwards turned to such good account. At twenty, with the wise imprudence of an artist, he married, and opened an atelier of his own. His work was fresh, strong, original. The popular painters of the day were conventional. They draped grenadiers in Grecian robes; painted a French regiment as though it were a Macedonian phalanx; and "idealised" a General of Brigade into a Roman Consul. Horace Vernet struck out a fresh path. He painted French soldiers as he saw them—by no means "majestic" in any classical sense of the word, but little, active, agile; the soldiers who conquered Italy without shoes—the soldiers of the Revolution. "The Capture of the Redoubt," one of his earlier works, was speedily followed by "The Hall of French Soldiers," "The Trumpeters," "The Barrière de Clichy." In 1812 he was awarded the first-class medal (Historical Painting), and in 1814 the Emperor created him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Even after Napoleon's fall, Vernet continued to give pictorial celebration to his triumphs. In 1822 a work of his was refused admission to the exhibition. The juries, carrying "loyalty" into matters of art, sought to punish the painter who was so indiscreet in his choice of subjects. They mistook their man. To their exclusion of his picture Horace Vernet promptly replied by opening an exhibition, on his own account, of his own works. His popularity increased. The battles of Jemmapes, Valmy, Hanau, Montmirail, the defence of Saragossa, the death of Poniatowski—such were his subjects. In 1825 Charles X. raised him to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honour, and in 1826 he was appointed a member of the Institute. In the same years he exhibited his two pictures of "Mazeppa," one of which he presented to Vacluse, the place from which his family originally came. This little town, already immortalised by its connection with Petrarch, gave a hearty reception to the illustrious artist. Vernet, regarded with hostility by the Government, was naturally patronised by the Duc d'Orléans; but his reputation soon became too high for him to care much whether the Government proved adverse to him or not. So well was this known that he now received official commissions from the King; and all attempts to check or curb him in his choice of subjects were abandoned.

In 1828 he was appointed director of the Academy at Rome, and retained that office ten years. He lived in a style of great splendour, and his salons became amongst the most fashionable in Rome. Soon after the Revolution of 1830, the French Legation having departed, Vernet acted for a time as Chargé d'Affaires at the Roman Court; and the dignity of his nation assuredly did not suffer in the hands of the artist-diplomatist. Continuing his labours, Vernet was still a copious contributor to the French exhibitions; and the opportunities for study which he enjoyed in the metropolis of art were not neglected. Some of his works attained enormous popularity, others were sharply criticised, but all of them were, at any rate, vigorous and original. Amongst the productions of this period are some of his most celebrated compositions, such as "The Combat between Brigands and Papal Carabineers," "The Brigand's Confession," "The Hunting-Party in the Pontine Marshes," "Judith and Holofernes," and "The Arrival of the Duc d'Orléans at the Hôtel de Ville, 31st June, 1830." Louis Philippe, a liberal patron of Vernet, intrusted him with the task of decorating with his pictures the new Constantinian Gallery at Versailles. The painter paid several visits to Algeria; diligently studied the customs, character, and costume of the Arabs; refreshed his recollections of the French army, and thus prepared himself for a series of works which must be reckoned amongst his foremost triumphs. Nor did he confine himself to the delineation of military events, but, in pictures such as his "Rebecca," "Abraham and Hagar," "The Lion Hunt," "Council of Arabs," "Arab Mother Rescuing her Child from a Lion," and "Prayer in the Desert," showed the full variety and fertility of his genius. Already his reputation as a master was recognised throughout Europe, and no one was surprised when the King offered to raise him to the peerage. Horace Vernet declined the proffered honour. Not long before there had been a slight interruption in the friendly relations which so long subsisted between Louis Philippe and his illustrious subject. Vernet had refused to pervert historical truth by representing Louis XIV. mounting to the assault of Valenciennes, and an estrangement was the result. The artist, going to Russia, received a warm welcome from the late Emperor Nicholas, who himself took lessons from him. Returning to France, Vernet became reconciled with the King after the death of the Duc d'Orléans, and resumed his artistic labours. In eight months (1845) he painted "The capture of the Sanala of Abd-el-Kader," one of the largest pictures ever executed; and in 1846 appeared his "Battle of Isly," which at once achieved a wide popularity. The progress of years did not seem to rob the master's hand of its cunning. In 1856 (then in his sixty-eighth year) he exhibited an episode of the last siege of Rome, called "Bastion No. 9," and soon afterwards he again visited the East. In 1855 he obtained the great medal of honour at the Universal Exposition.

Rich through his long labours, celebrated all over Europe, and surrounded by a host of admiring friends, Horace Vernet's closing years were as tranquil and serene as could be wished. There have been many greater painters in the world; there have been few who more perfectly achieved the task which they set themselves to do. Gifted with rare natural genius, he did not shrink from the labour which was requisite to develop it; and his marvellous facility—of which critics have talked loosely, as though it had been purely a natural endowment—was in reality the result of long study and of honest toil.

His race dies with him. His only daughter married Paul Delaroche. Had she borne a child it would have taken the double name—illustrious at all times in the annals of French art—of Vernet-Delaroche. This hope was not fulfilled. Vernet had to weep over a dead daughter, Delaroche over a dead wife, in 1845. But, if the family of the great artist is extinct, it may at least be said that in him, after long generations of honourable effort, it culminated. The last of the Vernets was also the greatest; and, as long as Frenchmen delight to gaze upon vivid representations of all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," so long will they remember and treasure the works, instinct with military fire, of the great man whose loss they—and not they alone—have now to deplore.

THE DANISH QUESTION.—The Danish Government's reply to Earl Russell's last despatch has been published, and is somewhat sharp in tone. It declares that the admission of the autonomy of Holstein is not, as Earl Russell considers, the duty of Denmark, but is merely a great sacrifice which existing circumstances have forced from her, and which was only made on condition that no foreign intervention in the affairs of the monarchy should take place. As regards Schleswig, the note observes, Earl Russell has given more credit to the secret reports of a subordinate agent than to the open and loyal declarations of the Danish Government. For this reason Denmark will in future adhere to the points of international law engaged in the question, and will enter into negotiations with nobody concerning the state of affairs in Schleswig.

THE GAROTTER PERPLEXED.

THE garotte panic has very considerably diminished since we last wrote some particulars concerning it, and, as we expected, there has been apparently an immediate diminution of the crime, when some stronger topic of public interest, or a more healthy state of public feeling, has superseded the fear which magnified every robbery with, or even without, violence into a systematic and scientific infliction of the garotte, with a wrist-bone nicely adjusted to the throat, and a muscular human arm in place of the steel tourniquet, which is the Spanish instrument of public strangulation. By this time, too, the cutlers and walking-stick makers must have pretty well cleared out their stock of dagger-knives, life-preservers, and loaded bludgeons, possibly to the advantage of the "garotters" themselves, who were thus enabled to set up in business at a small outlay of capital; and a dozen inventions which were intended as a "counter" to the street ruffian have been exposed for sale, and tempted the wayfarer who thought of his nightly walk through an outlying suburb. Our Engraving represents one of the most effectual and terrible of these inventions, itself an improvement on the "nuckle-duster," and as ugly a weapon when worn on a ready hand as any we have seen. Long and serious must have been the cogitation of the sturdy thief as he contemplated this implement, and felt a tingling sensation in a face which would stand a blow from a fist without much injury. With a very critical eye must he have measured the length of the projecting spike, and calculated how much more warily he would henceforth have to sneak upon his prey. The garotter may be a wild beast, but he is also a cowardly beast; and if the display of weapons has done no other good, it may have helped to teach him that he was playing a game too desperate for the safety of his own carcass; that the public indignation would show him as little mercy as he had shown to helpless and infirm men, or to delicate and unprotected women.

THE NEW DINING-SALOON AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.

IN a recent Number we gave some particulars of the Palais Royal and the new and magnificent apartments now occupied by Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde. Our Engraving this week represents the dining-saloon, one of the most superb of the entire suite. Leaving the old chapel, the visitor arrives at the Salle des Colonnes, in which much of the ancient decoration has been preserved, and afterwards enters the little chapel referred to in our previous description. This is lighted by armorial windows, and the vaulted roof is painted blue and studded with stars. The altar is formed of a slab of marble, supported by five small pillars of massive gold. A statue of Notre Dame des Victoires surmounts the tabernacle. The vestry and the almoner's apartments occupy the upper part of the building. This chapel has been recently constructed and endowed. On the opposite side of the Salle des Colonnes, in returning to the Cour d'Honneur, is the apartment represented in our Engraving, adjoining the suite of the Princess Clotilde, who lived in the left wing previous to the death of Prince Jerome. This room is a long parallelogram, ornamented at the part which faces the terrace with six handsome stucco columns. The ceiling is clouded in blue, and the panels are decorated with female demi-figures, terminating in drapery. These alternate with garlands of fruit and flowers, which spring from pedestals supporting the busts of Buffon, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Molière, and Descartes. The end of the room is occupied by a chimney-piece of white marble, of splendid proportions.

The centre apartments, situated in the Cour d'Honneur, are specially intended for State occasions. The first of the suite from the Salle des Colonnes has preserved its old name of the Cabinet des Bijoux, and formerly contained a collection of valuables. This communicates with the next room by an arched arcade, and in decoration resembles the Saloon of Fêtes. The ceiling of the latter is of an oval form, and clouded blue, with richly-moulded cornices. A lofty and handsomely-ornamented chimney-piece supports a bust of the Emperor, and above this two sculptured figures hold an escutcheon displaying the Imperial arms. In the middle of the gallery is a fountain, surrounded by finely-sculptured figures, representing zephyrs and furnished with grandoles, which are reflected from the falling water as it falls from the first reservoir to the second in a glistening sheet.

A second arcade leads to the ancient Salle Rouge, or Salon de Psyché, but now named the Salle des Batailles. The panels are covered by enormous pieces of ancient tapestry representing some of the battles of the time of Louis XIV.—historic pages treated in the large style of Van der Meulen, and of fine effect when seen in the noble room of which they are the principal attraction. It would be well, perhaps, if the furniture (which is of garnet velvet, with gilt-bronze ornaments) partook more of the character of the time with which the room is associated.

It is believed that the short description we have been enabled to give of the modern Palais Royal will not be uninteresting, since, although that building is no longer the centre of a Court and of Parisian life, it is still of historical value, and retains its connection with the history of the country and with the ruling families in France.

IRELAND.

THE POTENT, GRAVE, AND REVEREND SIGNIORS OF BELFAST.—Mr. John Rea, a member of the Belfast Town Council, has lately been keeping his colleagues in rather hot water. At the meetings he "opposed everything" and contradicted everybody, as a freeman and a "member of the Town Council" was entitled to do; but he occasionally did so in language that no one is entitled to use either in a civic council or anywhere else. According to ordinary practice, a rather exciting scene occurred at a meeting of the council a few days ago. Mr. John Rea got into a violent personal altercation with another member, the result of which was a regular challenge to fight, coat sleeves rolled up, and fists in regular pugilistic attitude—each challenging the other to "Come on!" However, there were no blows, as the other members interfered; and Mr. Rea soon afterwards left, handing some silver to the chairman as a fine for going away without liberty.

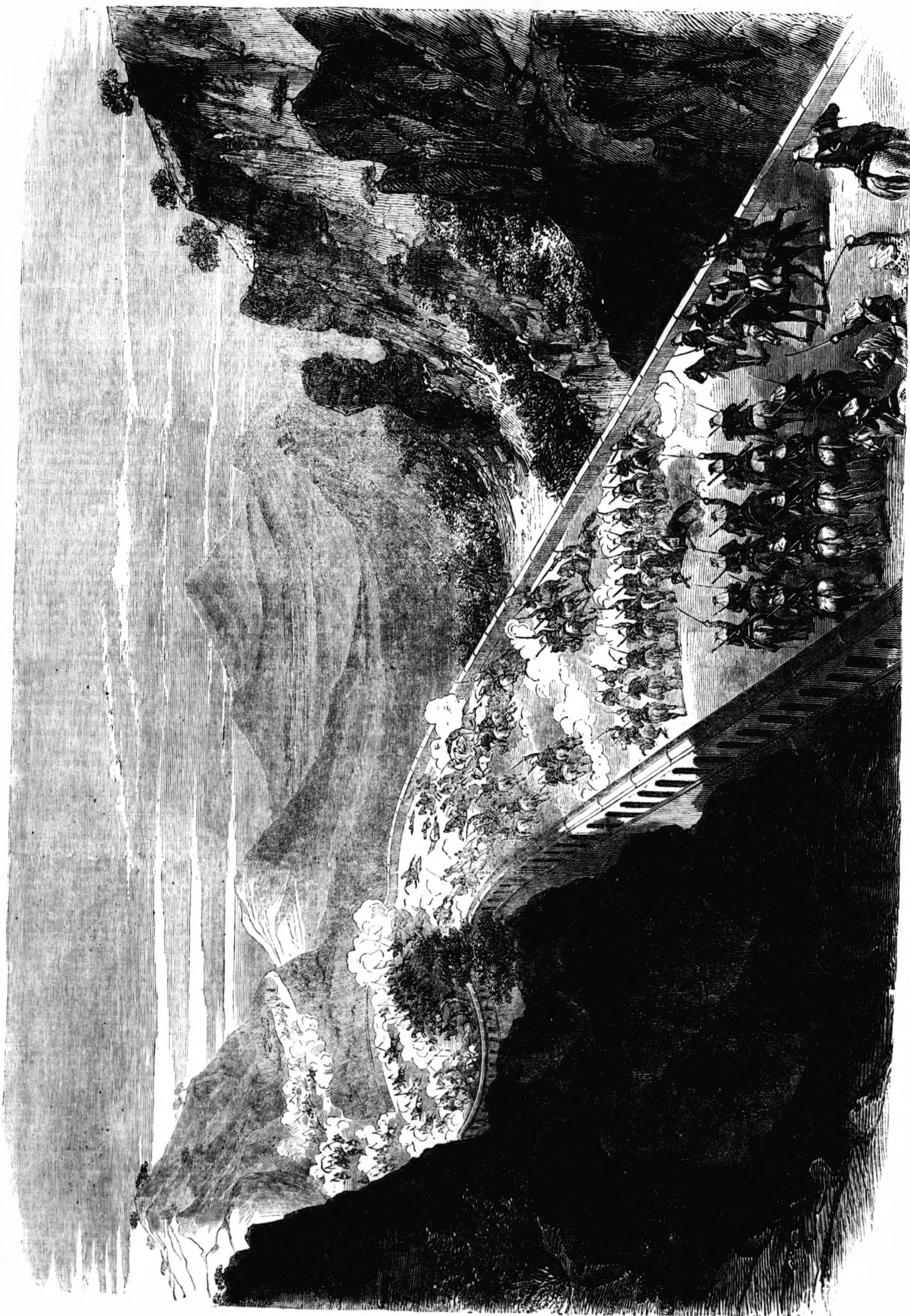
SCOTLAND.

OLDER THAN METHUSELAH.—There is a pauper woman in the parish of Edinkillie who is so old that she herself cannot tell her age, and there is no other one who can do so. Last week a gentleman called on her, and among other questions inquired her age. She replied, "Indeed, Sir, I dinna ken; but I'm sure am a thousand at one rate!" She is still able to move about, and bids fair to add yet another year or two to the number.

THE PROVINCES.

THE PALACE OF THE BISHOPS OF DURHAM.—An archaeological survey of Auckland Palace, the seat of the Lord Bishop of Durham, was made last week by Mr. F. R. Wilson, architect, Alnwick. This has hitherto been considered to have been simply a manorial residence of the early Bishops. But a series of interesting discoveries were made by Mr. Wilson, proving that this principal seat of the episcopal power, built by the martial Bishop, Anthony Beck, in the Edwardian era, was in every respect a fortified castle, with a circumvallation, strengthened by towers, as in the feudal examples of the same period. The sites of several of these towers were ascertained. The great hall, mentioned by Godwin de Presallibus, "wherein are divers pillars of black marble, speckled with white," is incorporated in the present pile, as is the "goody chapel of well squared stone," recorded by the same writer to have been built by Bishop Beck; and the palace generally is found to possess features of much architectural interest.

THE COLLIERY CALAMITY AT WORSBOROUGH DALE.—After more than a month of tedious expectation, the operation of flooding Edmund's Main Colliery is at length completed. The explosion occurred on the 8th of December, and on the Thursday following the stream of water commenced to flow into the mine. About a fortnight ago means were taken to increase the stream, and by deepening the trench nearly double the former supply was obtained. On the morning of Friday week the pit was full, the water reached the roof on both sides, but not being quite up to the roof of the arch at the bottom of the downcast shaft. Upwards of a month has thus been occupied in flooding this vast mine. A consultation of several eminent engineers took place at the colliery offices, the object being to decide upon the future course of operations, when it was resolved to allow the water flow into the mine until it had filled the shaft for some feet above the arch, and then, after waiting a day or two, to make assurance doubly sure, to commence pumping out the mine. There can be no doubt that this operation will occupy several months. It is estimated that there are twenty-five acres under water, and, as the pumps do not extend beyond the top of the engine-plane, the water in the extensive dipboards will have to be got out by a laborious process. Every available means will be employed to empty the mine as soon as possible; but the most sanguine do not anticipate that the bodies of the men lost in the mine will be recovered in less than two or three months.



THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.—ROUT OF MEXICANS BY GENERAL DE BERTHIER'S BRIGADE AT PUENTE NACIONAL.—(FROM A SKETCH BY ACHILLE CHODT.)

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO. CAPTURE OF JALAPA AND TAMPICO.

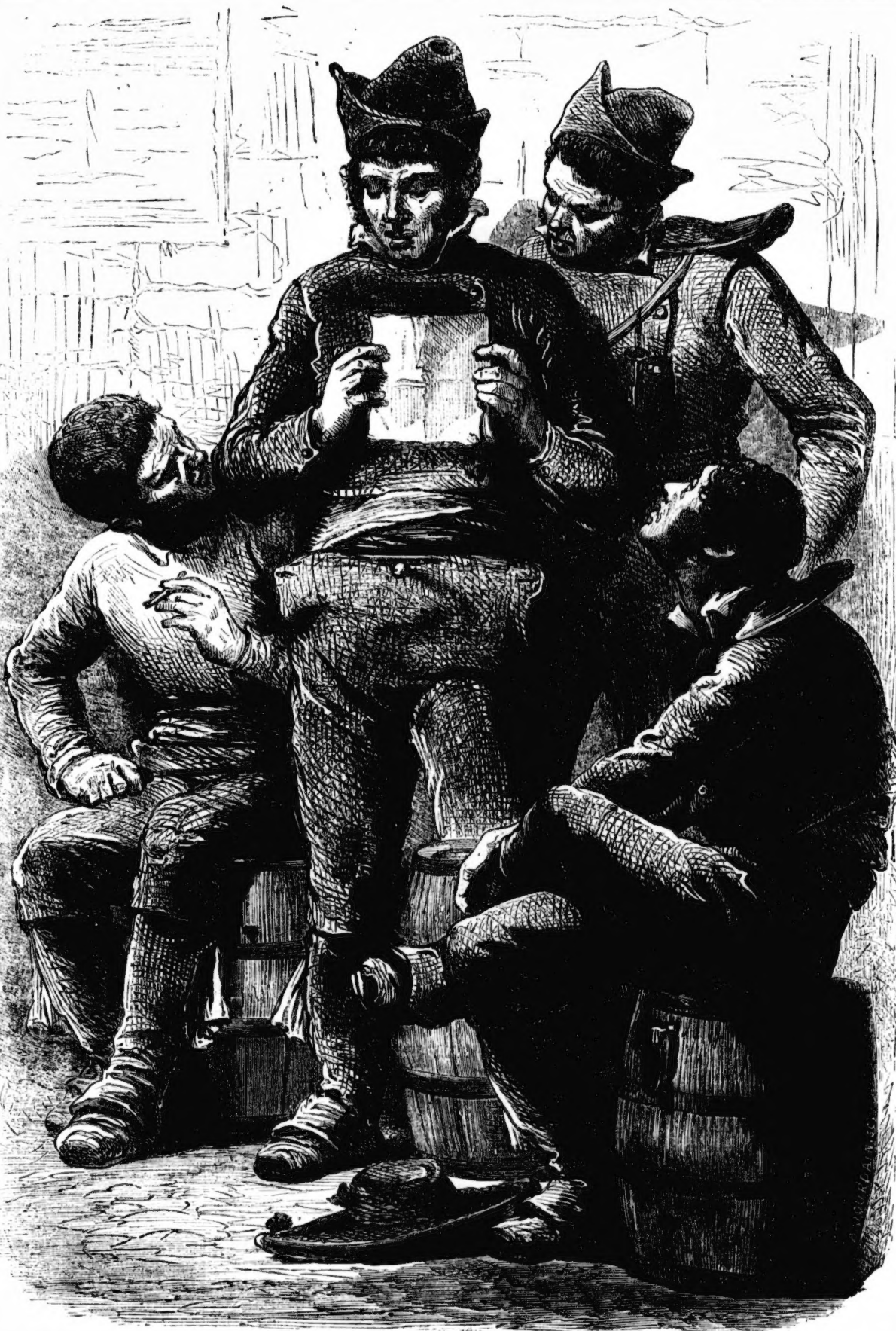
THE recent successes of the French troops in Mexico will go far to establish a permanent advantage, and there is little doubt that the large reinforcements sent to General Forey will ultimately secure the positions already attained, and so render the opposition of the Mexican army futile while the country is so completely divided by political factions.

The news of the investment of Jalapa by the brigade under the command of General Berthier is amongst the latest authentic reports which have reached us; and the campaign was opened by a brilliant and rapid success on the part of the Chasseurs d'Afrique of the 51st and 62nd Regiments of Infantry. They had arrived at Puente-Nacional, a little town which boasts the monopoly of manufacturing steel weapons for the entire country, when they met with a body of regular Mexican cavalry, who attempted to oppose their passage. The French horse immediately charged the foe with the greatest vigour, and pursued them sword in hand for a considerable distance, killing or taking prisoners a hundred of their number.

This had the effect of disorganising a body of from three to four thousand men, composing the Civic Guard, under the command of Diaz Miron, Governor of the State of Jalapa; and thus a small section of the French army occupied the strong position of Cerro-Gordo, a place formerly defended by the Mexicans against the American troops.

The Governor hastily took flight, abandoning some light fieldpieces, and the brigade of General Berthier entered the town of Jalapa unmolested on the 7th of November. The town, which is the capital of the district of the same name, and is celebrated in Europe for the drug which is there so abundant, is built on the slope of a hill formed by the mountain of Macultepec. This hill, surrounded by mountains raised one above another like the steps of an amphitheatre, is commanded on one side by Perote and on the other by Mount Ciltallepec, formerly known as the Peak of Orizaba. The fine position of Jalapa and the temperate climate of the plain on which it stands (4340ft. above the sea) make it one of the most delightful retreats in Mexico; while its sloping streets give it a picturesque appearance, heightened by the beauty of the surrounding vegetation and the brilliant hues of tropical flowers and birds.

When the success at Jalapa became known at Vera Cruz, Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Graviere, in conjunction with General Bazaine, organised a new expedition, and on the 17th of November the 81st of the Line embarked by detachments in the squadron boats at Sacrificios, near Vera Cruz, in order that they might be able more rapidly to disembark in the Bay of Tampico, which at this time of the year is considered dangerous to



THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN SPAIN.—WATER-CARRIERS OF MADRID READING THE LIST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

small vessels in consequence of the prevalence of the north winds. The squadron raised anchor on the following day, and on the 22nd, at daybreak, the regiment was transferred to an armed sloop-of-war, which was towed into the harbour of Tampico. On the 23rd the city itself succumbed without waiting for an attack, and the regiment entered, fully accounted, by the left bank of the river, while the Admiral arrived with his boats, accompanied by the Marines of Normandy, Tourville, and Fontenay. It is said that the taking of Tampico has had a wonderful effect upon the Mexican population of Vera Cruz.

FRENCH SOLDIERS AND MEXICAN CONVICTS.

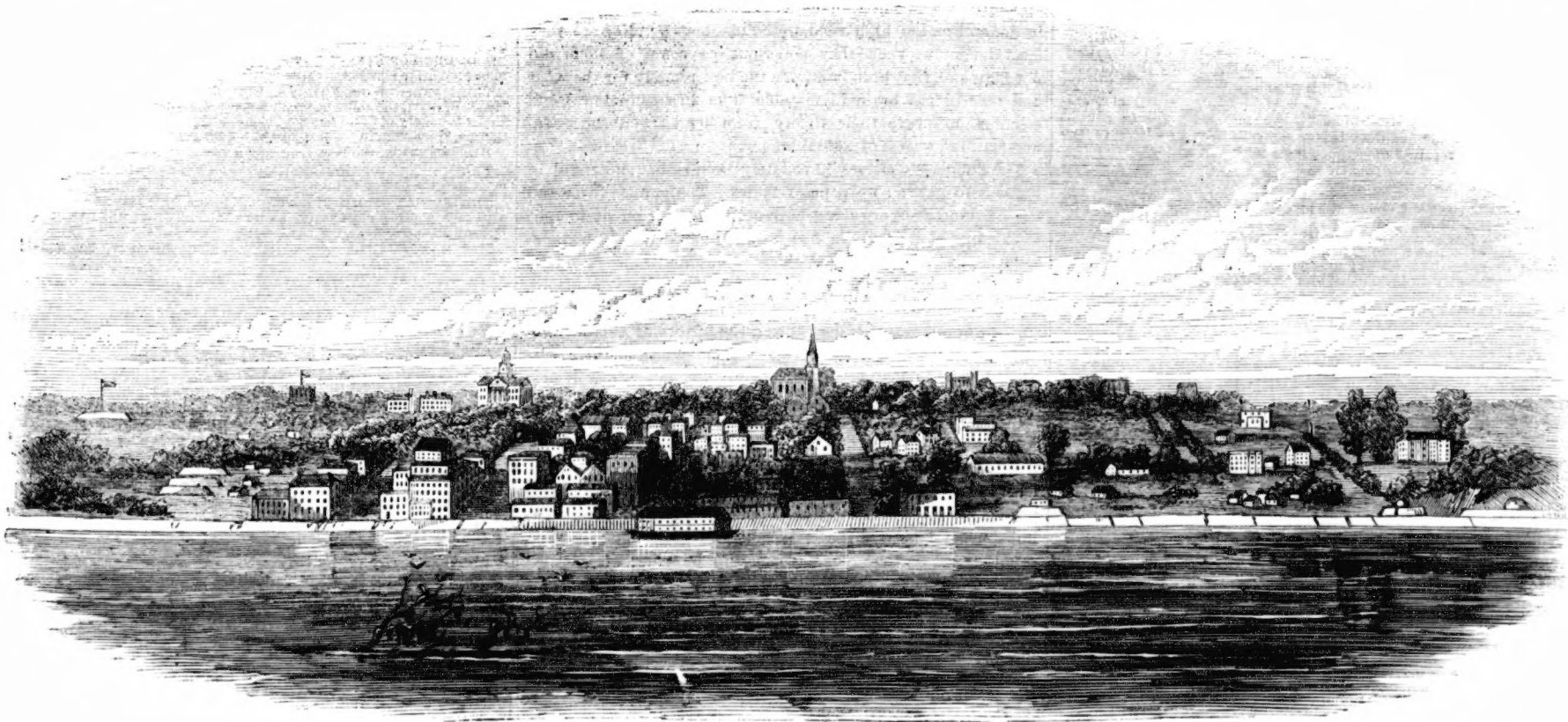
Our Engraving represents an everyday scene at Vera Cruz during the presence of the French troops.

Singularly enough, in most of the Spanish colonies the galley-slaves and ordinary convicts do not seem to inspire such repugnance amongst the common people as is experienced in most European nations. It is left to the law to punish them; but it is left entirely to the law, and their crimes are not visited by the addition of that bitter aversion which would cut them off from ordinary sympathy. In the Mexican ports, as in the "Presidios" of Spanish Africa, the convicts are employed to the advantage of the public health: they sweep the streets, run on errands, and generally perform menial offices for the inhabitants, who show them such commiseration as stands in the place of sympathy and sometimes ameliorates their position. Indeed, many of those condemned to this labour consider themselves at home in certain houses where their services are regularly required; and they occupy a position which is familiar, but which no one seems to resent.

The French troops, who may be supposed to have more distinct notions on the point of honour and the forfeiture of moral claims, do not readily accept the customs of the people in this particular; but the compassionate nature of the true French soldier leads him to succour all those who are in distress; and thus it has become a regular practice to dispense the surplus provisions of the camp amongst these degraded members of the community. Just as in France, every barrack has its mendicants, who come each day for their dole of the regulation soup, so in Mexico every group of tents has its select convicts, who call regularly for the broken victuals left from the mess.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

THE little town of Vicksburg has again been the scene of important events. Last year all the efforts of the Federals to clear the Mississippi were frustrated by the resistance made to them by the Confederate force stationed in this town. The place itself is not of great importance; but as the possessor of it commands the navigation



THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.—VIEW OF VICKSBURG, REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE FEDERAL FORCES.

of the mighty Mississippi, of course desperate efforts have been made to obtain, and to retain, the position. The town stands on the left bank of the Mississippi, about thirty-seven miles W.N.W. of Jackson, the capital of the State, and has—or had—a population of between 3000 and 4000 souls. It was connected with New Orleans (400 miles distant) by steam navigation, and by Jackson and Brandon by railway. The fighting for the possession of this place commenced on the 27th of December, and had continued uninterrupted till the 24 inst. The following account of the commencement of the operations is derived from despatches dated on the field of battle:—

"General Sherman debarked his forces on the left bank of the Yazoo River, ten miles above its mouth, and, forming in line of battle, advanced towards Vicksburg. After passing beyond the reach of the fire of the rebel gun-boats, General Sherman encountered the enemy in force. A terrible conflict ensued, lasting five hours. The enemy were driven back beyond two bayons that girt the rear of Vicksburg, and from their entrenched works on the hill, by shells. On Saturday night the two armies lay on their arms with the two bayons intervening. During the night pontoons were constructed, notwithstanding the terrific fire of the rebels. Under the cover of undergrowth, at daylight on Sunday a concerted advance was made by General Sherman's whole force. General Steel held the left, General Morgan and General Blair the centre, and General A. L. Smith and General M. L. Smith the right. General Steel turned the enemy's right, so as to communicate with General Morgan's division, which had become separated by swamps running at right angles to the main front. By sunrise the whole force was engaged, and up to ten o'clock the musketry and artillery firing was very severe. The rebels in front of General Morgan's and General Smith's divisions were entrenched on high rising ground. This position was finally carried by storm. The gun-boats did not co-operate, but the Benton engaged the rebel fortifications at Haines' Bluff. During the action several of the Benton's crew were killed, and Captain Gwynne, her commander, was mortally wounded. In Saturday's fight the 38th Ohio, the 8th Missouri, and the 2nd Kentucky sustained considerable loss. General Banks and Admiral Farragut were expected to co-operate in the movement, but had not arrived at the scene of the conflict."

The Federal forces fought to within two miles of the city, when they were assailed by an overwhelming force under Jos. Johnston. Whole regiments and brigades fought hand to hand, batteries and fortifications were taken and retaken several times, and Sherman driven back to his first line of defence. Southern reports subsequently state, though on doubtful authority, that the Federals had obtained possession of Vicksburg.

WATER-CARRIERS OF MADRID READING THE NEWS.

OUR Engraving, which is taken from a sketch in the streets of Madrid, is illustrative of the new era which is opening for Spain since she has taken up a more definite and a more liberal position amongst the countries of Europe. The political changes, and such news of the day as are of immediate interest, are eagerly sought for by those amongst the common people who are capable of forming opinions on these subjects, and frequent and animated discussions are the result. Perhaps no part of the labouring community in Madrid are of greater importance than the water-carriers, since, notwithstanding the great number of fountains, the want of a thorough water supply is very generally felt, especially in a city which is one of the most unhealthy in Europe—suffering in winter from the sharp winds which blow from the Guadarrama, and in summer from an almost fatal dryness of the atmosphere. For these reasons there must surely be some sarcasm implied in the name "Madrid," if, as some antiquaries contend, it is derived from the Arab "Majerit" (a well-aired house). The height of the city above the sea-level may account for the coldness of its winters, and the want of trees in its neighbourhood for the excessive heat of summer; but, apart from these disadvantages, Madrid is, architecturally considered, a fine city. Indeed, at the very outset the architecture is more than commensurate with its surroundings. Over the small stream of the Manzanares two bridges were built of such majestic appearance that the witty Spaniards said the Kings "should have sold the bridges and bought water with the money." There is little reason for the jest, however, since the river is frequently swollen to a torrent by the sudden melting of the snow on the neighbouring mountains.

In saying that Madrid is a fine city, we refer rather to its magnificent public buildings and gorgeous churches than to its general appearance; indeed, the bare neighbourhood, fantastic spires, and tortuous streets, which from most of the approaches are gloomy enough; but in the interior the streets assume a different aspect, and the Alcala, the Calle Mayor, the Carrera San Geronimo, the Calle de Atocha, and some other places, are singularly effective. It is here and at the Puerta del Sol, which is the busiest part of the city, that the water-carriers ply their avocation, selecting afterwards some quiet porch or shady wall where they may rest from their labour. In any of the forty or fifty squares of the town they may be seen talking with animated gestures upon the probable results of the latest Ministerial crisis, or of the last operations which have been effected in Mexico. The theme which more immediately occupies the attention of the persons delineated in our Engraving is the list of the new Ministry which has just been formed, in consequence of the resignation of Marshal O'Donnell and his colleagues, resulting from an adverse vote in the Cortes on the Mexican question. The Queen, however, refused to part with O'Donnell, but called upon him to reconstruct the Government, which he accordingly did, and the new Ministry on Monday announced to Congress the line of policy they intended to adopt, which consists generally of reconciling the different parties at home and cultivating friendly relations with foreign Powers. Respecting Mexico, the past is to be considered as definitively settled; but any fresh incidents that may arise will, of course, receive the attention of the Government. The members of the Opposition have resolved on supporting the new Ministry.

PHOTO-SCULPTURE.—A remarkable invention, intimately connected with photography, is now engrossing the attention of artists. The method followed by the inventor, M. Willème, is this:—A number of simultaneous photographs of a person are taken, and the outlines thus obtained are enlarged or reduced at will by the pantograph. With these data M. Willème produces a statue, the exact likeness of the original, in any size and in so short a time as is hardly to be credited. Any person wanting his statue to be made is photographed in various directions, and two days later he may call for his statuette in clay. Features and drapery are represented with the greatest exactness, and, as a natural consequence of the method, the price is extremely moderate. A cast of the figure being taken in plaster, it may be reproduced any number of times, and cast in bronze if required.

A MEET ON THE ICE.—The Victoria skating-rink was opened at Montreal on Christmas Eve by the Mayor, in the presence of a couple of thousand of the best society of the city. This rink, which is without an equal in Canada, contains a skating space 202ft. long by 80ft. wide, surrounded by a broad promenade, the entire surface being spanned by a semicircle, forming at once both sides and roof. The immense building was well lit by six pendant rings or stars of gas, while all around the space buzzed a row of single burners, 480 in all, making the rink almost as bright as day and lighting up the ice and the many colours which slid over it. Since the evening of the Prince's ball Montreal has not seen so brilliant an effect produced at any social gathering. The band of the 47th Regiment played appropriate airs, while hundreds of skaters, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys, dived about on the ice in one ever-moving scene. There is something almost fairylike in the way in which a good skater glides over the ice. It has such a graceful effect that we shall take the liberty of citing a hint from a New York contemporary. Ladies should wear dresses without hoops. The English ladies' dress, worn so much at present, is well adapted for skating. It is a rather tight dress, not reaching below the ankles, which are hidden by laced-up boots—tight cloaks, and the porkpie hat with its jaunty feather. A woman skating in a "sky-scraper" bonnet is a shocking inconsistency, and appears as much out of place with such an article on her head as would a lady on horseback. Ribbons tell well in skating. They stream out from a skating cap with a very pretty effect. From New York and the neighbouring States, so far west as Chicago, we get word that skating is becoming this winter a fashionable, if not the fashionable, amusement; and we are happy to hear it, for it means colour to the cheeks and marrow to the bones, which is a great deal more than can be said for some fashionable amusements.—*Montreal Gazette.*

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

DAUGHTER CLASSES.

WHO and what are the dangerous classes? Perhaps many, if not most of us, have entertained the delusion that these were to be found among the reckless, the brutal, and the predatory of those orders most appropriately termed "the lower."

We are told, however, that this idea is totally wrong. From the *Psychological Journal* for the present month, edited by no less astute a philosopher than Dr. Forbes Winslow, we find that those "who outrage decency and honesty" are "not the truly dangerous classes, but that that appellation more properly belongs to the timid, the precocious, the perverse, the romantic, the incompatible, the standstill or tardigrade, and the fast among mankind." So extensive a range of subjects enables every man to include under the denomination of "dangerous" any other whom he may choose to select for the purpose. Nay more, he may probably extend the list, unless he himself select to fall within it as a "standstill or tardigrade." Where such extension is to end, Dr. Forbes Winslow alone can tell. And when the whole world of humanity (save one) has been approved as dangerous, what is to become of everybody? Perhaps the remaining one is to lock up all the others in a lunatic asylum, and revenge the fate of the famous philosopher who was sent to a madhouse for being the only sane man upon earth.

For our own part, we are not unwilling to admit that the popular estimate of the classes fairly to be considered dangerous, may admit of a certain extension, though, perhaps, not in the direction indicated by the *Psychological Journal*. We are inclined to consider, for instance, certain doctors as types of a dangerous class, especially when, as was shown upon a recent trial, they go so far as to grant certificates, without seeing the patient, upon the information of a witness into whose possible reasons for misrepresentation they do not take the trouble to inquire. We hold them to be dangerous when, as upon another recent trial, they climb into a witness-box to condemn the treatment of an accomplished, benevolent, and successful practitioner simply because he happens to follow a different *modus operandi* from their own, which does not cure. And we hold them, perhaps, most dangerous when they write whole volumes calculated to throw the timid into fits of terror by announcing that an old gentleman who mislays his papers or forgets his appointments is suffering under incipient softening of the brain, and on the high road to the madhouse. Nor are they least dangerous when they point out, as some of them did not long ago, that brandy affords the best remedy for the wear and tear of the brain inseparable from intellectual toil, and attempt to prove their theory from its alleged successful application in cases of actual lunacy.

The dangerous classes have lately been rather successful in the way of getting up popular panics. The garotte fever and the Bank-note forgery alarm have not been their only triumphs in this line of art. There has been a great deal of unwholesome tremor excited among the studious and intellectual by talk of what is termed "softening of the brain." Paragraphs, the productions of "mad doctors," have found their way into corners of newspapers, denouncing the terrors of this malady upon nearly all whose occupations demand that their wits should be laid out to proper use. The idea is scarcely a new one, if Mr. Dickens is to be believed. Six years ago, *teste* "Little Dorrit," the great bugbear was "pressure." "There was a general moralising upon Pressure in every street. All the people who had tried to make money and not been able to do it said, 'There you were.' You no sooner began to devote yourself to the pursuit of wealth than you got Pressure. The idle people improved the occasion in a similar manner. See, said they, what you brought yourself to by work, work, work! You persisted in working—you overdid it. Pressure came on, and you were done for!"

Our medical alarmists of the present day are doing their best to excite just such a state of feeling as that so happily hit off in the extract we have quoted; but the new phrase is not "pressure," but "softening." Every little eccentricity of manner—all those charms of individuality which serve to distinguish one man from another, are to be set down as an indication of phrenal disorder. If a man so ordinary and

unromantic as to serve daily behind the counter of a china-shop object to the obstruction of his business by a drunken wife, he is a victim to "diseased feelings." If a famous and intelligent surgeon profess to cure painful disorders, and carry out his professions, a medical witness to his skill and success will qualify his testimony by declaring him "decidedly a little eccentric," because he heals the poor gratuitously and does not shave. If a third take his glass and his pipe, he will be declared to be destroying his brain inevitably by treating it alternately to a stimulant and an anodyne. If he be a teetotaler, then, of course, all teetotalers are a little cranky. If he be a fool, the fault is of course in the state or conformation of his brain. On the other hand, if his pursuits be intellectual, there is nothing like continual brain labour for bringing on softening. In fact, if you only believe all that is said and written by the "mad doctors," everybody is, or is about to become, lunatic, insane, hypochondriac, or idiotic. Nature sends human beings into the world occasionally with straight limbs, with perfect sensory organs, lungs, digestions, and constitutions generally sufficient for the ordinary purposes of protracted existence, but more rarely with a really durable, serviceable brain. That, of course, is not of such great importance, unless in the case of persons who may be required to sign certificates of lunacy.

The truth is that these gentry know really little about the matter. Of all parts of the human body the brain is the only one of which, to the most skilful anatomist, to the most practised surgeon, almost every individual particle is an utterly inexplicable enigma, alike in its construction, ends, and means of action. We can scarcely doubt that, for some wise purpose, this subject of inquiry is intended to baffle scrutiny by impenetrable mystery, since researches appear to tend rather to bewilderment than enlightenment. But we can scarcely believe an organ, or assemblage of organs, the very highest in the whole scheme of man's physical attributes, can be as our lunacy philosophers would portray it. Where is their analogy in any human developments to show that sound hard work is destructive and perilous to the muscles or organs which it puts in action? The proofs go exactly to the contrary. The muscles of the blacksmith's brawny arms do not perish away while he is yet in the vigour of maturity, because he has exerted them more strenuously and continuously than others of his body. Leaving analogy and coming to bare statistics, we find it to be the rule that the intelligent brain-workers live actually longer, and die oftener in possession of their faculties, than persons whose business involves but small exercise of their wits. Search the lunatic asylums, and you will find them peopled by patients whose occupations have been those requiring but limited intelligence, those whose education has been neglected, those whose sole companionship has been among the sots of the ginshop, and those whose only intellectual exertion has been listening to the raving exhortations of a conventicle enthusiast.

We would earnestly warn our readers, more especially and directly those whose work may be rather of the head than the hand, against this modern sect of terrorists. The example of such men as Brougham and Lyndhurst may be kept in mind to reassure the doubting as to the extent to which the intellectual faculties may be conserved in brightness after years of hard work to the period of advanced age. Those who would seek to repress a career of usefulness by holding out imaginary alarms, who would strive to detect incipient insanity in every sign of temporary abstraction and lunacy in every careless or intentional departure from conventionality, who would disseminate their doctrines by attractively-written books addressed to the scholar, and carry them into practice by means of the straight-waistcoat and the asylum, are, to our thinking at least, the most dangerous of all the "dangerous classes."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES has consented to become the patron of the Orphan Working School of London.

THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, brother of Prince Albert, is said to be inclined to accept the sovereignty of Greece, should it be offered to him.

THE MARRIAGE OF FRANCES, COUNTESS WALDEGRAVE, daughter of Mr. J. Braham, the eminent vocalist, with Mr. Chichester Fortescue, M.P., Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, took place on Tuesday at Trinity Church, Brompton, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of friends.

MR. TENNYSON, the Poet Laureate, is seriously ill.

THE MARQUIS DE MOUTIER, it is said, has really informed his Government that the Sultan is insane.

THE FATHER OF MR. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P., is said to have refused a peerage, and his son was not aware of the fact till told so the other day by Lord Palmerston.

MRS. EDWIN JAMES, wife of the notorious barrister, has obtained a divorce at New York.

MR. STIRLING, M.P., was installed as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews, on Thursday, the 16th inst.

THE NAME OF CERVANTES is to be given to a Spanish ship of war, as a mark of respect to the memory of that writer.

THERE are now eighteen Federal war-ships in pursuit of the Alabama.

HIS EXCELLENCY BARON DE GROS, the newly-appointed Ambassador from France, in the room of Count de Flahault, is expected to arrive at Albert-gate House next week from Paris, to enter upon his diplomatic duties.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is about, according to rumour, to retire from the office of Secretary for War. Earl De Grey, at present Under Secretary, is spoken of as Sir G. C. Lewis's successor.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS, of the *Athenaeum*, was on Monday last presented with an elegant silver tea-service, in acknowledgment of his exertions in procuring the repeal of the taxes which impeded the freedom of the press.

FIFTEEN VENETIAN PALACES have been converted into barracks by the Austrians.

MR. RICHARD GREEN, the great shipowner, of Blackwall, died on Saturday last, aged fifty-nine.

OF ALL THE ACTIONS OF A MAN'S LIFE, his marriage least concerns other people, yet of all the actions of his life it is most meddled with.

THE REV. G. CROWTHER SMITH, Congregational minister of Folkestone, has announced his retirement from the Congregational body and his union with the Established Church.

MR. JAMES HOWARD, of Oak Hill, near Staleybridge, has bequeathed £10,000 to various charities, societies, and missions.

THE REV. HERR GRASER, a member of the Prussian Chamber, has been called upon by the consistory of the Established Church to resign his seat or his living.

A CITIZEN OF CHARLESTON, named Yeardon, has offered a reward of 10,000 dollars for the capture of General Butler.

EUROPEAN IMMIGRATION TO NEW YORK LAST YEAR was only 75,982; less than it has been since 1847.

A SUBMARINE CABLE has just been successfully laid by Messrs. Glass Elliot, and Co., between the port of Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia, and Trapani, in Sicily—a length of two hundred miles.

CONSIDERING THE SUCCESS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATIONS, the *New York World* advises him to issue a proclamation abolishing the Alabama.

THE LIBERAL SECTIONS OF THE PRUSSIAN LOWER CHAMBER have determined upon presenting an address this time in reply to the speech from the Throne.

FORGED BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES, printed on the genuine paper, have been attempted to be circulated in Australia.

AN OHIO PAPER, after announcing that a deaf man had been run down and killed by a passenger-train, said, "He was injured in a similar way a year ago."

A DOZEN COLONELS will, it is said, be promoted to be supernumerary Major-Generals on the occasion of the marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, continuing to receive their present pay until they become absorbed on the establishment by death vacancies.

THE RAIN AND MELTED SNOW from the mountains in the Department of Ardèche have caused the river to rise considerably, and in some places to overflow its banks. At St. Didier about 70 metres of the bank was carried away.

AMERICAN STATISTICIANS are figuring up the following losses in the various engagements during the year:—Confederates killed, wounded, and prisoners, 103,707; Union killed and wounded, 132,819; total, 236,526.

COUNT DE CASERTA, brother of Francis II., has offered to the Pope an estate of the annual value of 2000 Roman crowns, or 11,000*l.* The Holy Father, who was deeply touched at the offer, has, however, only consented to accept it temporarily.

A BILL, it is understood, will be introduced by Government in the ensuing Session for the establishment of a regular staff of firemen, with engines, in conjunction with the metropolitan police, and incorporating the existing brigade.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE between France and Italy has been signed; and that between Switzerland and the Netherlands ratified by the Swiss Federal Assembly.

FREDERICK MITCHELL, of Hulver, near Beccles, shot at and wounded his mother last week because he had not been invited to a wedding that took place in the village and his mother had. He was drunk at the time he fired the shot. The poor woman is expected to recover.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT offered the Pope a refuge at Malta, it is said, if he should be necessitated to quit Rome. This story seems rather improbable, but is yet believed by the French Foreign Minister, who has written a despatch to show that France would be a much better harbour of refuge for the pontifical barque in distress.

THE SURVEY OF THE PERUVIAN GUANO ISLANDS has been concluded. The stock remaining is 7,000,000 tons, which, at the present rate of exportation, gives fourteen years for clearing the islands.

THERE WERE ONLY TWO PROTESTANT CLERGYMEN in NAPLES a little while since, now there are six, and they are too few to minister to the constantly-increasing number of neophytes. An Anglican church is about to be erected in the Marches—i.e., at the very gates of Rome.

LORD PALMERSTON having been informed that the stake and bag nets on the Irish coast belonging to his Lordship are nuisances to the navigators and ruinous to the fishermen, has intimated his intention of having them removed.

A MOTION has been entertained in the Assembly of New South Wales for a grant of £3000 to Mrs. Chisholm, who has done so much to assist emigration and to counsel and watch over young women on their arrival in the colony, and who is now herself in circumstances to need aid.

THE INQUEST on the female killed by the railway accident at Knottingly, on the Great Northern Railway, has resulted in a verdict of "Manslaughter" against a pointsman and engine-driver.

SIXTY MEN AND BOYS were immersed for fifty-four hours in a coalpit near Wigan, last week, in consequence of the breaking of part of the machinery. They were plentifully supplied with provisions, and all ultimately brought to the pit-mouth in safety.

A LARGE MEETING OF THE LIBERALS OF SOUTHAMPTON took place on Thursday week, at which it was resolved to form an association for the purpose of adopting measures for securing a Liberal representation of the town in Parliament. The Mayor of Southampton was appointed chairman pro tem.

DURING GENERAL STUART'S RECENT RAID ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK, he sent a telegram to Quartermaster-General Meigs at Washington, requesting him to furnish the Federal army with better mules, as those provided of late had been of so poor a quality that they were not worth capturing.

JOHN WILLAN, fireman at the Preston Gasworks, while emptying a carboy of vitriol into a vat, lost his footing, and fell, dragging the carboy along with him. When found, the vitriol was literally burning the flesh from his body, and, after enduring great agony, he expired.

A LETTER FROM DR. LIVINGSTONE, dated River Rovuma, Oct. 10, states that he had just returned from a 114 miles trip up that river. At one place they were fired upon by the natives with muskets and arrows, but soon drove off their assailants with a round or two from the rifles.

SUMMONSES have been served by the liquidators of the Western Bank of Scotland against Mr. Wm. Baird, of Elie, and Mr. James Baird, of Cambusdoon. The total sums claimed for against the former amount, it is said, to £299,736, and against the latter for £863,618—in all above a million.

AN IRISH SHOEMAKER in London was out drinking, when his wife importuned him to go home. Feeling annoyed at her, he took a knife out of his pocket and cut off her ear. He has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF RENNES, in a sermon delivered lately, described railways as an invention of Satan, and lamented their introduction into Brittany; and, in consequence, some peasants laid sundry heavy stones across the line of the Western Railway of France, in the hope of destroying the trains.

THE RECEIPTS OF THE THEATRES and other places of public amusement in Paris amounted during the month of December to 1,743,075*l.*, being a diminution of 38,248*l.* on those of the month of November. The total receipts of 1862 amounted to 17,409,651*l.*, being an increase of 777,912*l.* on those of 1861.

CHARLES CHAMPION, a carman, was found murdered in his employer's stable-yard, at Nine Elms, on the evening of the 27th ult. A man named Hillier is in custody on suspicion of perpetrating the crime, and it is believed the affair arose out of a quarrel about sixpence.

THE ANCIENT HOLY WELL at OXFORD, which gave name to the parish in which it stood, and formed a bath reputed to possess singular virtues, has been totally obliterated by the formation of a deep-lying drain to carry off the water to the river.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA lately complained to the Princess Frederick William that she would not talk politics. "I dare not," replied the Princess (according to the story) "now a days that your loyal subjects are suspect when they utter their opinions. I am very loyal, and do not want to get into a scrape."

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY Dr. Tyng, of St. George's, New York, made an earnest and eloquent prayer, and at its close asked that when the President's labours on earth ceased he might be removed to a better world. "The sooner the better" was whispered audibly by nine-tenths of the congregation.

THE EFFECTIVE FORCE OF THE FRENCH ARMY for the present year is set down as follows:—Interior, 338,562; Algeria, 55,285; Italy, 16,950; China, 915; Cochinchina, 1179; Mexico, 27,945; total, 440,836. By deducting 20,000 men of the classes 1856, 1857, and 1858, inscribed in the reserve by an order issued on December 19, 1862, the total effective force is reduced to 420,836 men.

A BATCH OF NEW PEERS is to be created, it is rumoured. The nobles expectant are Colonel Henry White, of Woodlands, who has been a staunch supporter of the Whigs in Ireland; Mr. Edward Ellice, Sir Charles Wood, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and Mr. Wentworth Beaumont. It is added that two Earls will be promoted to be Marquises.

THE BALANCE-SHEET of the Central Relief Committee at Manchester shows that £393,404 13*s.* 11*d.* have been subscribed; that £179,395 19*s.* 3*d.* have been expended; and that a balance remains in hand of £414,008 14*s.* 8*d.*, including outstanding subscriptions. Since the 6th of December there has been a total decrease of 27,676 paupers in the twenty-six unions of the cotton districts.

THE BISHOPS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES have issued a pastoral, in which they point out the necessity of promoting religious instruction among the slaves. They say, "Hitherto we have been hindered by the pressure of Abolitionism; now that we have thrown off from us that hateful and infidel pestilence, we should prove to the world that we are faithful to our trust, and the Church should lead the hosts of the Lord in this work of justice and of mercy."

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY AND MRS. BEECHER STOWE.—Archbishop Whately has written to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, telling her that those in England who do not sympathise with the party of the North in America have as much dislike to slavery as she herself can have; but they understand that the war is waged, not for the abolition of slavery, but for the restoration of the Union, and they think that the Southerners have a right to claim their independence. He recommends, for the safe and effectual emancipation of the slaves, the plan of Bishop Hinds, that there be an *ad valorem* tax upon slaves, their value to be fixed by the owner, and that the Government have the option of purchasing their freedom at that price. He fears, however, that the time is gone by for trying this experiment in America.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE great event of the week is the appearance, at last, of volumes 1 and 2 of the long-expected and anxiously-looked-for "History of the Invasion of the Crimea," by Alexander William Kinglake. It is seven years since the close of the Russian War. Even before its close it was rumoured that Mr. Kinglake was to be its historian. He himself, in his preface to the work now published, says that the rumour had got abroad before he had determined to write. He was long in the Crimea; he was a literary man of repute; evidently took a deep interest in the contest; and the public rightly came to the conclusion that he would at least give an account of what he had heard and seen. Soon after the proclamation of peace, however, it became known that he had pledged himself to the task of writing either a life of Lord Raglan or a history of the war; and it now appears that, in 1856, Lady Raglan placed in Mr. Kinglake's hands "the whole mass of papers which Lord Raglan had with him at the time of his death." When Mr. Kinglake's intention became known, expectation was on tiptoe for the appearance of the book; but year after year passed away, and the anxiety had a good deal waned, when suddenly there appeared an advertisement announcing that the book was to be out in a few days; and on Friday week the long-expected work was ready for delivery. I was fortunate enough to get a copy on Saturday evening, and that very night I sat down to its perusal with great expectations—with no small excitement, I may say, for I had long ago heard it whispered that this would be a most wonderful book; with respect to some persons and reputations an iconoclastic book; whilst, as to other men and reputations, it would remove obloquy, disperse clouds of mystery, refute calumnies, and set many crooked things straight. In short, I was taught to expect that it would be a book of revelations. Well, I have read the book—read it through—and now have to report that, notwithstanding my raised expectations, the one-half had not been told me. I cannot say that the book at present has caused much excitement, for very few have read it yet. But wait a week or two, and, if I do not miss my mark, there will be more talk about Kinglake and his work than there would be if a whole squadron of Colonels, and Essayists and Reviewers, were each to publish another attack upon the doctrines of the Church; for these essays and reviews and criticisms influence, after all, the faith of very few of the English people. But this work deals not with matters belonging to factions or parties, but with high State affairs, and with actions and events which are the common property of every man, not only in England, but in Europe; and not only so, but with deeds and events which we all remember, and with persons, many of them now living, and whom we all know something about. Was Lord Palmerston at Romey Church last Sunday? I should think not, for no doubt he got an early copy; and, if so, he would be too deeply interested in its pages to leave them. Gladstone, of course, would not neglect his religious duties; but it is hardly conceivable that even he could forbear to look into these portentous volumes. Indeed, every member of the Cabinet, I fancy, would be employed in the same way; and if copies of the work found their way to Paris as early as Saturday, I suspect there has been more excitement in the Imperial Court than has been seen since Louis Napoleon sat, on that memorable 4th of December, cowering in the Elysees—as Kinglake says he did—anxiously waiting the course of events which were to consign him to a prison or mount him to a throne. For this audacious work handles the French Emperor and his friends Morny and Persigny, the late St. Arnaud, and others, very roughly indeed, and pricks so many prismatic bubbles all radiant with French glory, as with an Ithureal spear, that when it comes to be read—as it will be—in France, it will drive our irritable neighbours across the water half mad. True, it only comes down at present to the victory of the Alma; but if there were nothing else in the work but the wonderfully graphic description of that terrible battle, with the quiet but bold, and somewhat sarcastic, criticisms of French doings therein, there would be quite enough to stir France to its very depths.

However, it is not my intention to review this remarkable work; your regular reviewer will take this duty in hand, no doubt, in due time. But, mean while, I may be allowed to give your readers a taste of its quality. One of the principal features of the book is the portraits which we have of well-known public men. Whilst reading "Rothen" all must have been struck with the power of delineation possessed by the author. It was easy, however, to see that there was much more of this power in reserve. This was only the foot of Hercules; and we were led to expect that some day the author would come before us clothed in all his potency; and though we have long waited, he has not disappointed us. But without further prelude I extract, first, a sketch of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who, as Sir Stratford Canning, so long ruled as Viceroy over the Turkish Sultan. "The kinsman of Mr. Canning the Minister (first cousin) had been bred from early life to diplomacy, and whilst he was so young that he could still, perhaps, think in smooth Eton accents more easily than in the dictum of 'the high contracting parties,' it was given him to negotiate a treaty which helped to bring ruin upon the enemy of his country. How to negotiate with perfect skill, never degenerating into craft; how to form such a scheme of policy that his country might be brought to act without swerving; and how to pursue this always, promoting it steadily abroad, and gradually forcing the Home Government to go all lengths in its support, we well know. And he was, moreover, so gifted by Nature that, whether he studied his despatches, or whether they listened to his spoken words, or whether they were only bystanders caught and fascinated by the grace of his presence, they could scarcely help thinking that, if the English nation was to be maintained in peace or drawn into war by the will of a single mortal, there was no man so worthy to fix its destiny as Sir Stratford Canning. He had faults which made him an imperfect Christian; for his temper was fierce, and his assertion of self was so closely involved in his conflicts that he followed up his opinions with his feelings, and with the whole strength of his imperious nature. But his fierce temper being always under control when purposes of State required it, was far from being an infirmity, and was rather a weapon of exceeding sharpness, for it was so wielded by him as to have more tendency to cause dread and surrender than to generate resistance. Then every judgment which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it would ever be varied, and to convey, therefore, the idea of duration. As though yielding to fate itself, the Turkish mind used to bend and fall down before it; and, further, if what he directed was inconsistent with the nature of things, then possibly the nature of things would be changed by the decree of Heaven, for there was no hope that the great Elchi would relax his will."

The above is a sketch of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Here is one of Gladstone:—

"Now, it happened that, if he was famous for his great eloquence, for his unaffected piety, and for his blameless life, he was celebrated far and wide for a more than common liveliness of conscience. He had once imagined it to be his duty to quit a Government and to burst through strong ties of friendship and gratitude by reason of a thin shade of difference on the subject of white and brown sugar. It was believed that if he were to commit even a little sin, or to imagine an evil thought, he would instantly arraign himself before the dread tribunal which awaited him in his own bosom; and, his intellect being subtle and microscopic, and delighting in casuistry and exaggeration, he would be likely to give his soul a very harsh trial, and treat himself as a great criminal for faults to be visible to the naked eyes of laymen," &c.

There are also portraits of the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Aberdeen, the French Emperor, De Morny, General St. Arnaud, Persigny, and Colonel Fleury. The sketches of the French notables are not flattering. Indeed, the manner in which Mr. Kinglake deals with the heroes of the coup-d'état will make Victor Hugo's heart leap for joy. But space fails, and for these passages I refer your readers to the work; but hope you will be able to find room for the following:—

"It was determined at home to invade the Crimea. The Duke of Newcastle drew up instructions to Lord Raglan. These instructions were submitted to a Cabinet at Pembroke Lodge, and ratified there under circumstances which will surprise most of the English public. It was a summer evening, and all the mem-

bers of the Cabinet were present, when the Duke took out the draught of his proposed despatch and began to read it. Then there occurred an incident very trifling in itself, but yet so momentous in its consequences that if it had happened in old times it would have been attributed to the direct intervention of the immortal gods." The author here suggests some physiological cause for this incident, and then proceeds:—"No well-informed person will look upon the accident as characteristic of the men it befell, for the very faults, no less than the high qualities, of the statesmen composing Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet were of such a kind as to secure them against the imputation of being careless or torpid. However, it is very certain that before the reading of the paper had long continued all the members of the Cabinet except a small minority were overcome with sleep. For a moment the noise of a tumbling chair disturbed the repose of the Government; but presently the Duke of Newcastle resumed the reading of his draught, and then again the fated sleep descended upon the eyelids of the Ministers. Later in the evening, and in another room, the Duke made another and a last effort to win attention; but again blissful rest (not, this time, actual sleep), and all consented, in short, to this momentous paper, which was to entrance Lord Raglan and leave him no option but to go and invade the Crimea; and with this wonderful sketch of an interior, I leave Mr. Kinglake's book. The days of duelling are over, or the author, either by some mortified Englishman or irate French officer, would certainly be called to account for his audacious criticism."

The *Times* tells us that Countess Waldegrave, who married Mr. Chichester Fortescue on Tuesday last, has just turned her forty-second year. This unusual revelation of a bride's age I have no doubt was made on authority, to stop the gabble that has been going on of late in the clubs. Braham, the father of the Countess, would have been eighty-eight if he had lived till now, and it was assumed that his daughter, especially as she had been married three times before she became the wife of Mr. Fortescue, must now be an old woman. But Braham did not marry until 1816, when he was over forty. The simple fact is that there is no disparity in the ages of the bridegroom and the bride. Indeed, they are both of an age.

You have perhaps seen a new daily newspaper, the *Iron Times*. It scarcely fulfils the promise of its prospectus. Its very title is delusive. On first hearing of the *Iron Times* one naturally reverts to *Herapath*, with, "Oh, I see!—a new railway journal! don't think there's room for it!" or something equally sanguine and equally wide of the mark. This new journal is neither more nor less than a penny morning paper, embracing the ordinary topics, and promising, of course, greater independence in politics, higher tone in literary reviewing, sounder thought in dramatic criticism, more exclusive fashionable intelligence, and more recondite turf-"tips" than the world has yet seen concentrated on one sheet. Further, the public are generously informed, and the London press neatly admonished, that there is "no department of our existing newspapers in which so much carelessness, not to say so great an ignorance, is shown" as when commercial and manufacturing interests are discussed. Then comes a gibe at journalism, which is so unique that I must quote it at length. We are gravely assured that "when an occasional opportunity is afforded, as by an international exhibition, for more particular observation, the wonderment expressed by the enlighteners of the age at objects as familiar as trees or paving-stones to the merchant or the tradesman, is something most amusing." How scathing the sarcasm, how epigrammatic the style of this new candidate for popular favour! Do you mark the sneer at "enlighteners of the age"? Writers in the *Iron Times* are, it is to be concluded, darkeners of the age, or, at all events, not claimants to enlightening power. Was Sir Walter Scott endowed with the spirit of prophecy when he wrote, in the introduction to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel,"

The bigots of the Iron Time?

No, let us meekly admit that successful English newspapers are as notorious for their limited knowledge and insufficient data as "merchants and tradesmen" are celebrated for the versatility of their acquirements and the profundity of their lore.

The times are out of joint; oh blessed spite,

The *Iron Times* is born to set them right!

So the staid formality of the *Telegraph*, the democratic radicalism of the *Herald*, the coarse humour of the *Post*, and the rampant Toryism of the *Star*, are to speedily share the neglect which will be inevitably awarded to the sparse information and careless ignorance of the leading journal. Well! we shall see what we shall see; but, for my own part, I do not feel so much improved by the perusal of a number of this pretentious public organ as I have a right to expect. I have not acquired any special knowledge of "manufacturing and commercial interests," and I confess to a lingering doubt as to the presence on the staff of those clever "merchants and tradesmen" whom the new journal so modestly claims as its own. Apropos of the *Iron Times*—apropos, that is, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle—did you note what the *Times* said the other day on irony? In reviewing "Thalatta," a rather clever story just reprinted from *Fraser*, the critic gravely asserted that "the gift of irony is never bestowed upon shallow men." (!) Pretty well this! When we are "chaffed" by a street-boy, or sneered at by a cabman, let us for the future say "Mum! a philosopher in disguise," for has not the *Times* declared that where there is irony there cannot be shallowness?

Any experience of the Underground Railway tends to disprove the harrowing stories which the penny-a-liner industriously circulated about asphyxiated porters and choked passengers. My ride from end to end of the line did me no harm, nor did I hear a single complaint from my fellow-travellers. The carriages are most comfortable, and the progress easy to a degree. The arrangements for collecting tickets are still faulty, as it is impossible to define in what carriage the holder of a third-class ticket may have performed the journey; and it would be better, perhaps, if a constable were laid on here and there to prevent the steps descending to the various platforms being converted, as they now are, into playgrounds for the youthful rabble of the neighbourhood.

Gutta cavat, &c. The latest sufferer by the perpetual trituration of severe literary labour is Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose constant work has had such effect on his health that he has been warned by the medicine-men to devote more time to relaxation, and severely to refrain from his desk. In pursuance of these orders, Mr. Sala relinquishes his least remunerative engagement, the editorship of *Temple Bar*, which magazine will henceforth be under the conduct of the gentleman who has hitherto acted as sub-editor. Mr. Sala has been asked, and has agreed, to take the chair at the next anniversary dinner of the Dramatic and Equestrian Sick Fund Association, to be held on Ash Wednesday.

Another change of editorship is in the *National Review*, which passes from the guidance of Mr. Richard Hatton to Mr. C. H. Pearson, of King's College. Mr. Pearson will be assisted in his editorial work by Mr. Walter Bagshot, the editor of the *Economist*.

That weakest and most puerile of manias, postage-stamp collecting, has found a literary organ in the *Stamp Collector's Magazine*, which is announced for appearance on the 1st of next month.

Mr. Fechter's success is now an established fact. The houses have been crammed, and places are taken for a fortnight in advance. Mr. Jordan has joined the company, and his fine figure and handsome face give dignity to the character of the Regent.

THE ALBION HOTEL, one of the principal inns in Bury, Lancashire, was burned down on Sunday morning. The fire is supposed to have begun in the bedroom of the "boots"; but the poor fellow was burnt to death, and his body was only discovered among the ruins after the fire was extinguished. Some of the other inmates had a narrow escape.

PUPILS OF THE FIELD-LANE RAGGED-SCHOOL.

The accompanying group, from a photograph taken by Messrs. Horne and Thornthwaite, of Newgate-street, shows nine boys out of upwards of four hundred now in her Majesty's Navy, independent of a large number in the merchant service, who were previously connected with the Field-Lane Ragged-schools, under Mr. Fraser, the schoolmaster. The trials, hardships, and sufferings of these lads pre-

vions to their entering the school would afford most interesting hours of reading and days of study. Our present object, however, is simply to give a bare outline of their history, exhibiting in another phase the great blessings conferred by ragged-schools on the poor of the metropolis, and but for which the majority of these four hundred boys might have been this day either inmates of prisons or wanderers about the country, friendless, neglected, and forsaken.

A. B. was the son of very poor people; his father died seven years ago, the mother being left with four children. Their only means of obtaining a livelihood was then, and still is, the somewhat singular one of tearing down placards from public hoardings, &c., and selling the paper thus obtained.

C. D. had been employed with his father as an ostler, the mother being dead; but, owing to slackness of business, was discharged, and had been out of work for eight months, some times going for days without food.

E. F. had neither parents nor home, his mother and father having both died in the hospital seven years ago of fever. He had since travelled about the country from place to place. At last he came to London, and was found one evening, about ten o'clock, by Mr. Fraser, sitting on a doorstep, and was kept at the day-school while inquiry was made about the trustworthiness of his tale, which proving correct, assistance was given to enable him to follow out his great desire—that of joining the Royal Navy.

G. H.—Mother living; father dead; had been engaged as a printer's boy, but had been out of employment for nine months. His mother had five younger children to provide for by charring, &c.

J. I.—Both parents living; had been in several situations, but would stay in none of them, having a



GROUP OF BOYS LATELY BELONGING TO THE FIELD-LANE RAGGED-SCHOOL, NOW IN HER MAJESTY'S NAVY.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HORNE AND THORNTON, OF NEWGATE-STREET.)

continual hankering for the Navy.

K. L.—Father and mother both dead. Had been an opposition shoe-black; but, finding that the police would not allow him to remain at corners of the streets, and his earnings seldom averaging 4d. per day, and having no relation to whom he could apply, he came to the school and earnestly entreated that something might be done to enable him to get into the Navy. He and his parents having been well known to the master of the school, his object was soon accomplished.

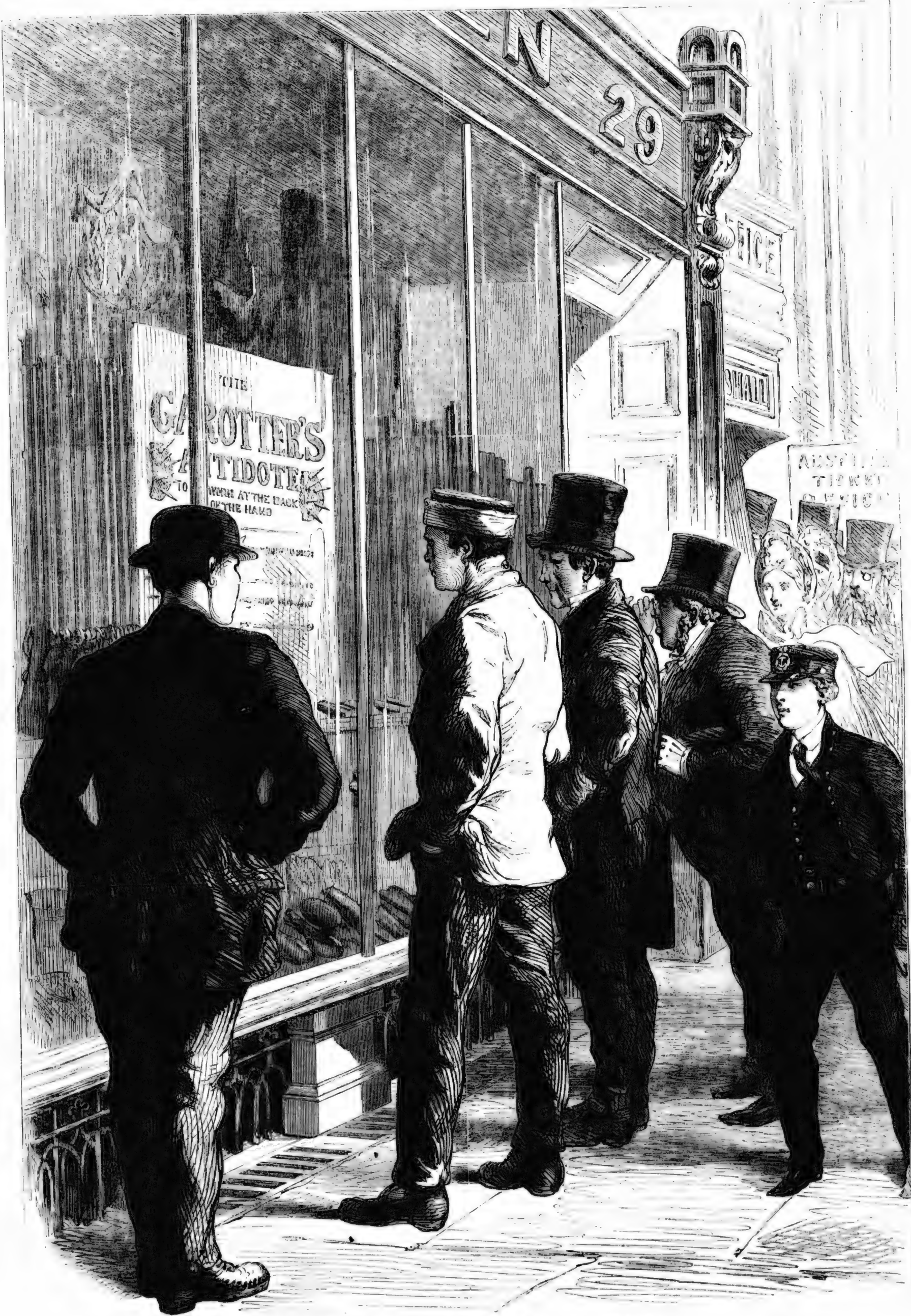
M. N. has both parents living, very respectable poor people. The father and the boy have been out of employment for a length of time, and the family, which contained several young children, were all dependent upon the earnings of the mother. The boy had never been in prison, but had associated with very indifferent companions till sent away. While in London lately to see his parents he, however, carefully shunned the company of his former companions.

O. P.—Father dead; mother a washerwoman. He has a stepfather, who turned him out of doors, and many a night his bed was the cold ruins opposite the school.

Q. R.—Mother dead; father left him to wander about the streets, and neither knew nor cared what became of him. The neighbours, however, generally sympathised with the boy, and often gave him a little bread. A poor widow, who had known the mother well, finding the boy sleeping on the stairs at night, came to the master and earnestly requested that something might be done for the lad. He was accordingly sent for, and, after remaining for a little time at the school, was sent to sea, at his own earnest desire, where he now is, a credit to the school and beloved by those on board.



THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.—ARTILLERYMEN DISTRIBUTING SCRAPS OF BISCUIT AMONG THE GALLEY-SLAVES OF VERA CRUZ.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. BRUNEL).—SEE PAGE 53.



GAROTTERS PERPLEXED.—A SKETCH FROM LIFE IN PICCADILLY.—SEE PAGE 51.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE GARRISON HACK.

AN INCIDENT OF INDIAN MILITARY LIFE.

I.

A warm afternoon in Bengal. No uncommon event, you will say. Well, I suppose you may look for it once in twenty-four hours during the greater part of the year. But the afternoon I refer to is warmer than usual, for it is near the end of July, and there is a lull in the rains, which have disappeared for the last two days instead of pouring down a deluge as in duty bound.

A traveller pacing the verandah of a staging bungalow, on the Grand Trunk Road, a little below Benares, does not seem to like it. He is very foolish to pace the verandah, for he would be much more comfortable on the couple of chairs which his servant has placed for him. I say two chairs advisedly, because of course he would want one for his feet. But he is of an age, apparently, when a man has not always learned the virtue of patience. He may be thirty or thereabouts, and at thirty or thereabouts many men are quite as young as many other men at eighteen, and, being as young, are likely to be as active and generally erroneous. So he prefers pacing the verandah and making himself much hotter than need be, because he wants to go on and is obliged to wait; the state of the case being that at this part of the road he is subject to a change of coachmen, and there is a lull in this article as there is in the rain. He was off with the old love an hour ago, and will not be on with the new for a couple of hours to come. In answer to inquiries, he has been repeatedly told that the driver is at his dinner, but will be forthcoming at five o'clock. It is now only three. These Bengalee dinners seem to last all day.

He is a handsome man, this said traveller, and his beauty is of a style which is appreciated most in the East. He has a fair skin, light blue eyes, a straight nose, and a mouth—but they must have been very intimate friends who had seen his mouth for some years past, for it is effectually concealed by an unusually vigorous growth of straw-coloured hair, which stands out bravely towards the shoulders, terminating in an agreeable twist. Its owner was not tall in figure; he was rather short, in fact; but he was well built, neat and compact, and would have made an admirable jockey or light cavalry man.

The scene which our traveller surveys is of a not uncheerful character, though silent and unpeopled. The bungalow at which he is resting is the only house to be seen for miles round. It is built on the model of all the other dāk bungalows on the road—such, at least, as remain in these days of rapidly-advancing railways. It is a comfortable-looking building, with a great thatched roof, situated close to the highway, but standing on some ground of its own. On one side is the cookhouse and some stabling, and hard by is a tangle of mango-trees, giving a pleasant shade, apparently for the promotion of smoking hubble-bubbles, upon which occupation several half-naked natives are actively engaged. Everywhere vegetation is luxuriant, and the general aspect of things is green as green can be—a legacy left by the rain.

Drawn up close to the verandah is the dāk gharee in which the traveller has arrived. The baggage is still piled on the top, only a few toilet accessories having been removed. A person climbing on to the roof and turning over the portmanteaus might make himself acquainted with the fact that the name of their owner was Rocket, and that he belonged to a native infantry regiment of the late East India Company—the days that I am bringing to notice being days when the Company was a power in the land, and the Company's army a flourishing service, unscathed as yet by either mutiny or amalgamation.

The heat, as I have hinted, was very great, and it was wet heat, which to most Englishmen is worse than dry, the majority, I think, preferring to be roasted rather than boiled. Mr. Rocket had tried the usual remedies prescribed by impatient and impulsive persons—that is to say, he had tried brandy-panche and a cheroot, and there being no other remedy at hand he tried another cheroot. He was just lighting the latter weed (a monster number one), and wishing the coachman at all kinds of Baths and Jerichos, when the notes of a horn, accompanied by a clatter of wheels, were heard, and another dāk gharee came helter-skelter into the compound.

II.

The new comer was not long in alighting, and while he did so Mr. Rocket discreetly retired out of eyeshot, for it was just possible that there might have been another occupant of the gharee in the shape of a lady; and, as ladies in India do not always look quite presentable when travelling by dāk, gentlemen in India make a point of sparing their feelings as far as possible. The new comer, however, was alone, though he told the servants he had a friend on the road whom he had outstripped, owing to the unexpected alacrity of his horse during the last stage. Having ordered his luggage to be taken into a vacant room, he commanded a couple of chairs to be brought into the verandah, and, seating himself in true Indian fashion, took a survey of the scene I have noted, thus affording any person present a good opportunity of taking a survey of him. He was a tall man, of something more than forty, a trifle yellow and a trifle withered, and his cleanly-shaven face, the neatly-clipped moustache alone excepted, contributed to the sternness of aspect which he seemed to cultivate. I may as well here mention that his name and style, as described on his baggage, were Major Martingale, and he was also of the Army of the Hon. the East India Company. Majors are generally nervous and fidgety—or, at least, they were in the days before that anomalous rank was held by young gentlemen of five-and-twenty—and our Major seemed no exception to the rule. His preoccupation, whatever it was, gave him an abstemious turn. He took a simple glass of soda-water, but not for him was the companionship of a number one cheroot. If he ever smoked at all, he certainly did not upon this occasion, but sat with his arms folded, indulging only in his own thoughts.

But his reverie was not very profound. He soon noted the younger traveller, who appeared every now and then in sight as he once more paced his verandah. The pair eyed one another stealthily at first, then more directly, and presently both gave a half-puzzled look of recognition. The difficulty, however, was at once terminated by the Major, who rose and stepped into the other verandah, and shook the younger officer cordially by the hand.

Acquaintanceships are soon made in India. The pair in the present case had met once before—some years previously—at a mess dinner, and they had heard of one another five hundred times since, in the course of service duties and social gossip. They were now as free as old friends, and chattered as men only can, on such short notice, who have interests, and hopes, and friends in common. The inevitable question—"How's promotion?"—was soon asked and answered on both sides; the dialogue being rife with such words as "steps," "bonuses," and other technicalities, with which I will not weary the reader. Mr. Rocket had not been quite fairly treated in a certain buying-out transaction; the Major had not got on very well with his Colonel, and the senior officer (as senior officers usually are) had been supported at headquarters, the distinguished members of the staff of which were described in the course of conversation—I hope not in strict justice—as the most insufferable set of toadies that had ever lighted upon this orb. From this fascinating "shop" discussion the pair passed to social subjects, and some personal scandal gave additional piquancy to the dialogue.

Rocket had just come from Cawnpore, and the conversation presently turned upon the society of that station. Martingale had not been there for years except in passing through two nights before. He had been for some years past with an Irregular Corps on the north-west frontier. He was, therefore, as greedy for gossip as any old lady of either sex you ever saw. His brief intercourse with a "man about India" had the effect of wine upon him—he visibly warmed up. The talk, I regret to say, became frivolous in the highest degree, and from men it passed to women, as a matter of course.

III.

"You were at Cawnpore last year, I think you said," the Major presently remarked. "Of course you knew the Brigadier."

"The old Brig—old Crupper?" Of course I did; noted as his Brigade Major, and should have got the pukka appointment but for my rank—and—well, I don't mind saying—a lady had something to do with it."

"What, his wife?"

"No; a young lady staying in the house."

"Ah! then you have met Miss Barmecide?"

"Met her, my boy! I should like to know who had not met Bella Barmecide anywhere between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Why, she is as well known as the Adjutant-General."

"I have heard of her," rejoined the Major, carelessly. "Do you know her precise position in the Brigadier's family? She was no relative, I believe?"

"Not the slightest—that is to say, I do know what her precise position was—I mean that she was not the slightest relative. She was the daughter of a brevet captain, who died at Bayswater, after taking a premature pension. She was celebrated from her birth. Barmecide began life by marrying in England while a mere boy, as you may suppose. His interest was in India; so out he came to this country, to get a cadetship if he could. He found he could, and got one; but his child was actually born before his appointment. It was the only instance ever known of an unposted Ensign's baby, compared with which dead donkeys and dead postboys are plentiful as blackberries. The specimen was considered so rare that I believe it was sent round the station on view, with a circular, to which the residents were requested to subscribe the word 'seen.' The young lady grew up, you may be sure, faster than the papa's promotion, and the usual consequences followed, including Bayswater; that is to say, papa could not stay in the service on account of debt, and sought that refuge for small pensioners which has taken the place of Tyburn, or very near it at any rate. He died soon afterwards, as I told you."

"And the mother?" asked the Major.

"Well, she died soon after. They talk about the unhealthiness of the Indian climate, but any climate is unhealthy when you have no money; and, as the widow of a Brevet Captain, you may guess she had not much. My opinion is that English poverty kills sooner than Indian plagues; and it is a disease that tells quicker on the constitution because you can get no sick leave. What a glorious thing it would be if you had nothing to do when you get impecunious in England but call in the family doctor, and get him to sign a certificate that you positively required change of exchequer—something more bracing in the way of income or more salubrious in the way of receipts—which would be forthwith provided by a grateful Government, just as we get our trip home whenever we want it. Depend upon it, even in this country, the remedy in specie would be sometimes more effectual than the remedy in kind. You must excuse me, by-the-way, for talking in such a cold-blooded style of the death of this unhappy couple; but I never saw either of them in my life, and cannot be expected to have more feeling in the matter than one has for the list of departures one reads every morning after the Births and Marriages in the Times."

The Major was not inclined to take a harsh view of the levity of his companion, and as he seemed interested in the fortunes of the family, Rocket, having lit another number one and supplied himself and his companion also this time with a "peg," proceeded with his little history, which the reader must allow him to tell in his own way.

IV.

"Well, Bella—we all called her Bella, you know—after skimming as much cream off an education as the skylark of a semi-fashionable school would afford, was placed under the care of a lively aunt who paid not the smallest attention to her, and who got rid of her once and for all by shipping her off to India. This she managed without much trouble or expense. The Cruppers agreed to receive her, and let her live with them until she got married, if the aunt would send her out. So the aunt was kind enough to pay her passage-money by the P. and O., and launched her into deep water under that anomalous kind of guardianship known as the 'care of the captain,' who has usually a dozen or so of young ladies so placed every voyage, and who has all the passengers under his care, if you come to that. Bella was the mildest of girls in England; but there is nothing like sea air to bring out truth and nature. There are many persons, I believe, whose characters may be said to be written in invisible ink so long as they remain on land; let them loose on a voyage, and they come out in bold relief, as before a blazing fire. Bella Barmecide was one of these. She began to flirt before she was out of Southampton Water, and she was flirting when she reached Garden Reach, at Calcutta; nor did she leave off then, as I suppose you know, if you have heard much about her. She was desperately ill in the Bay, as most young ladies are; but the ruling passion was superior to sea-sickness, and she made her malady as powerful a weapon as anybody else would have made her health. When a girl is fit for nothing else she can generally become 'interesting,' and when she ceases to amuse she can at any rate excite sympathy. Bella made the most of her opportunities, you may be sure; and, by remaining quiet at first kept curiosity, at least, alive. By the time we reached Gid she was doing immense execution in the languid line, and by the time we got to Malt* she had established a complete empire over the admirers of vivacity and dash. By this time time she had several promising flirtations on hand. There was a young Ensign and an old Major; an elderly Lieutenant and a youthful Colonel; a Judge with no liver to speak of, and a General in much the same predicament as regards character; a merchant who, after forty years of Calcutta, had discovered that his native air didn't agree with him, and was going back again; and a travelling gentleman, who, it was whispered, was leaving his country for his country's good—all these were among her devoted admirers, besides the ship's officers, whom she found it convenient to encourage on account of the many little advantages they procured for her. Among her *clients* she succeeded in inducing a very healthy state of jealousy; and, not one being on speaking terms with any of the rest, they had no opportunity of comparing notes as to the relative degree of encouragement she had given them. She did not disdain having a quiet understanding with a judicious selection of the stewards, whose marked attentions to her excited loud remonstrance from the less impressionable passengers; and she had made even a little native cabin-boy her devoted slave. I found him one day bringing her a special cup of coffee between meals (a proceeding strictly disallowed by the laws of the ship), and accompanying the presentation with a precocious leer and the insinuating salutation of "Nice, missie!" This story, to be sure, when it got about, somewhat disconcerted her, and I did not observe that the little blackamoor's attentions were ever renewed. For the rest, I believe she had about a dozen doubtful, and some two or three bona fide, offers on the way out; but the last she ruthlessly rejected, her life being strictly in accordance with the advice of the lady in 'The Baggart's Opera'—by keeping men off to keep them on. And all this time she looked so innocent and artless, with her fair, fresh face and mild blue eyes, that no one could have believed how little she cared for any of the men who hung about her."

Her arrival in Calcutta was not perhaps very glorious. She had made the mistake of cultivating only the male sex, who, of course, could not offer to receive her; and, having incurred by this means the mortal enmity of every lady on board, of course none of these would have anything to do with her. There were two or three married fellows, to be sure, among her particular friends, but even these did not choose to take the responsibility of introducing her at their homes; so she was thrown back, after all, upon her formal protector, the ship's captain, who was very glad to drop her at a boarding-house on shore, whence she found her way up country to her friends as she best might. She was just a little depressed, I heard, at this contretemps, but recovered herself on taking her place as the new spin* of a Mofussil station. Here she was all in her glory, and

it would be difficult to say whether she made a greater fool of herself or of other people. The old Brig to whom she went out was not a Brig at that time; and, whether upon regimental or other duty, he was somehow marched about in a mercenary manner. During the years which elapsed from the arrival of Bella to his going to Cawnpore Brigade, he was at some half-dozen different stations; the north-west provinces and the Punjab, and Bella contrived to gain additional experience by being asked about on visits, for she found it easier to get people to receive her when she had powerful protectors, though her 'carrying on' was just as bad as it had been on board ship.

"To do her justice, I don't think she cared for any of the men whom she made love to, or whom she allowed to make love to her. She liked the fun, she said; and I believe that was all she did like. As soon as things began to get serious with a man she cut him, and there was an end of the business. You may be sure that the majority of the men did not treat her with much more respect than she treated them. The jokes about her at the mess were awful; and scurrilous fellows were at last ashamed of being seen doing spotted dog or door-knocker* to her any longer. But, as most men are not sensible, of course there was no want as far as numbers were concerned. The only man or two to whom she paid any serious attention, I am bound to say, jilted her mercilessly, and she was more than once the subject of practical jokes of a rather mortifying character, the authors of which could never be traced. Once, I remember, when a regimental fellow proposed to her, she declared that she would never marry any officer unless he had a Staff appointment. A few days afterwards, when all the station was out in the early morning, a remarkably fine specimen of an adjutant (I mean the bird, of course), was found tied to old Crupper's gatepost, with a label fastened to his leg, after the manner of a presentation turkey at Christmas-time, upon which was inscribed—"For Miss Barmecide." Everybody laughed, of course, and the joke was communicated by 'our own correspondent' to the *Delhi Gazette*; 'our own correspondent,' I have no doubt, being one of the perpetrators of the mischief."

"At last affairs began to grow serious. Mamma Crupper, as well as the Brig, remonstrated with her seriously upon the imprudence of her conduct as affecting her prospects in life, and even gave her broad hints as to the pecuniary responsibility which they were incurring on her behalf. This, indeed, began to assume dimensions beyond a joke; for although the aunt had made a judicious arrangement with a Calcutta milliner that her bills were to stand over until her marriage, when of course her husband would pay, the milliner naturally grew anxious. Credit, like art, is long; but time is fleeting, and the Brig received portentous warnings that if the Barmecide did not choose to get a husband and somebody else must pay the bills; and this was an alternative that the Brig, who had been all his life in India, was deep in the banks, and had only just begun to liquidate his subaltern's debts, by no means relished. After a great struggle, I believe, Bella condescended to change her tactics. She was in no great hurry to do so, as she imagined that she had but to hold up her finger to have a ring put upon it then and there; but when she condescended to make the experiment she found she had gone just a little too far, that she had reckoned, in fact, without her lot* of admirers. Her fame had so spread that men had at last grown modest about taking to themselves a lady who was likely, when she bestowed her hand, to make a hundred discontented and one ungrateful; so they fought shy, and when she went so far as to fish they fought shy still. Poor thing! She was very often discomfited now. I remember one evening, at a station-hall at Cawnpore, she had drawn two or three men round her in the old style (except that the old style was eight or ten), and the conversation on their part having gradually got impertinent (con conversation will co alter supper), something was said by somebody about a young lady to whom a very felicitous sobriquet had been applied. She was immediately seized with that uncomfortable suspicion which usually seizes upon women after much flirting; and, turning to the spokesman, she said, 'Now, Captain Holster, tell me, you know it is very amusing to hear one's friends quizzed, but if one young lady is quizzed it is only natural to suppose that another is quizzed also. If they give Miss Myrtle a name I suppose they give me one also. Tell me what it is; I assure you I shall not be offended.'

"Holster looked rather confused; but upon Bella telling him again that she should not be offended, that she should rather like it than otherwise, and the men about maliciously pressing him upon the point, he came out sharp with the fact."

"Well," said he, "since you insist upon it, Miss Barmecide, I will venture to tell you that you are called 'The Garrison Hack.'"

"It was by this name, indeed, that poor Bella was known all over the north-west provinces—Oude and the Punjab, the hills north of Dehra, and too many other parts of the British possessions in India to be mentioned in a breath. But the communication was not a pleasant one; she turned pale, and after a minute or two said she should like to join Mrs. Crupper—a proceeding which was never known to take place except as preparatory to departure. I must say I did not envy the poor girl her dreams that night."

V.

"You ask," pursued Rocket, who had had the talking tolerably well to himself all this time, "when I was acquainted with the young lady. Well, it was at Cawnpore, a year ago; and then, I don't mind confessing, that I made a fool of myself like the rest."

"I should like to know how you managed that?" said Martingale, looking just a little sarcastic.

"Well, you shall," said Rocket, who was more occupied with his own recollections than with his companion, and was talking, I fancy, rather to please himself than anybody else. "Well, you shall. This is how it happened. There was a ball one night—there was always a ball at that time at Cawnpore—and Miss Barmecide was there as a matter of course. I had not long been at the station, but had already been fortunate enough to carve my way into the post of Brigade Major—only officiating of course. My duties took me a great deal to the house, as the Brig held his office there, and somehow I found myself before long as regular an attendant at the tiffin-table as the *tundi Moorghce** itself. Sometimes I stayed on all day and dined, and nearly always I was pressed into the service to go out riding or driving with the family, or it might be with Bella alone. As for the brigade business, it got shamefully neglected. The office was fast being transferred to the drawing-room—the whole business being transacted on sofas, ottomans, or anywhere most convenient. As for attending to any etiquette as regarded uniform. I soon gave that up; if the Brig didn't care, why should I? And so things went on very agreeably for a few months, and might have gone on in the same way perhaps for a few years, when it occurred to me one day that I was drifting into dangerous waters, and that there was nothing for it but to take in all sail and work astern, unless I wished to split upon the rock of matrimony, which I now saw plainly ahead. Still, I didn't quite know how the thing was to be done; and in this difficulty I decided that nothing should be done too suddenly. I accordingly determined upon moderating without exactly changing my course, and trusting to my usual good luck to escape. For, you see, apart from the ridiculous figure I should have cut in marrying the 'Garrison Hack,' I was really compromised at home, and had been since I was a mere boy—cousin, family arrangements, and so forth—you understand; and the thing was to come off as soon as I got my company, and, I suppose, is for that matter. Well, in the mean time, I was a little taken with this girl, I must confess, notwithstanding her foolish way of going on and getting herself talked about; and at the ball I mentioned just now I was as nearly taking the fatal plunge as could well be. It was after supper—of course it was, you will say—and we had just finished a particularly wild *galop*, and having got hotter than anybody ever was before—as well we might, for though the *punkahs* were going the *thermantidolates** would not work

* Spotted dog and door-knocker. Riding beside the carriage and calling at the house.—ED.

† Cold fowl.

‡ *Punkahs*—fans hung from the ceiling. *Thermantidolates*—machines for pumping cool air into the room.

* "Gib" and "Malt" are military for Gibraltar and Malta.

† Spin, Indian for spinster.

—we had gone out on to the verandah to cool ourselves. The verandah was not cool enough, so we descended into the garden, and there, as we walked up and down a path separated by a row of orange-trees from the house, as well as by the band, which was playing in the open air close to the verandah, the sweet moonlight, and the soft atmosphere, and the charming character of the scene generally, had such an effect upon me that I felt myself suddenly impelled to make a declaration of love. As to what followed I confess to being a little confused. It was after supper, as I told you, and the air had set my head swimming, coming from the hot room. I know, however, that I could not have said much, as to quantity, when I heard myself addressed by name, and the next moment a hand was laid upon my shoulder by a small Ensign who could scarcely reach it, but who told me hurriedly that the Brig was ill, and that Miss Barmecide was wanted immediately—to go home. We hurried back accordingly, my head getting suddenly clear, and then I found that just what I anticipated had come to pass. The Brig, without having exactly taken too much, had become indisposed, not exactly through having taken too little. He had no head left, especially in hot weather, for the slightest excess, and, as he could scarcely keep his eyes open, it was desirable to get him away as soon as possible, to save scandal. Accordingly, he and his party were put into their carriage, and I returned to my bungalow very soon after, with a vague idea of something being the matter. Nor was my idea entirely unfounded.

VI.

"The next day I received a note in the well-known writing of Bella Barmecide asking me whether what I had said to her in the garden the night before had any meaning, or whether I was only taking advantage of her unprotected condition to trifle with her feelings. I was requested to return an early answer, as it would be 'quite' impossible for us to meet again without an understanding upon the point."

"I never was more puzzled in my life. I had not the smallest recollection of what I had said, but I knew that I had not had time to say much, so that it must have been very strong, whatever it was, to have warranted such a letter. I did not dare reply at once. Fortunately, my business at the brigade office had been dispatched early in the morning, the Brigadier keeping his room all day and relieving me from any further attendance. Bella's letter had been sent to my bungalow, and I found it on my return to a late breakfast. So I thought I would go over and tiff at the mess by way of a novelty, and take counsel's opinion of one or two of the steadiest-going of my brother officers as to how I should get out of the scrape."

"I drove over accordingly. The fellows had just sat down when I entered the messroom, and there was a general chorus of congratulation at my reappearance among them in the daytime; indeed, I had even dined but seldom with them since my appointment to the Staff and Miss Barmecide's affections. But I soon found I was a marked man among them. Some jest had evidently got about at my expense, and I could not but fancy that it had something to do with Miss Barmecide. At last I got hold of one of my more discreet friends and told him all about the affair of the night before and the letter I had received that morning. My discreet friend burst into a fit of laughter, and drew me into the verandah, out of earshot of the rest. "'Be under no fear,' said he, 'of the letter; it's all a hoax; I heard them talking about it this morning at *chota hazree*.* Young Cowslip, the greatest rip that ever missed parade, heard you, as he describes it, *spooning* with Bella, and the result has been a little attempt at forgery, which, it seems, has proved successful."

"The load was off my mind. I was ready to dance with joy. I did nothing more absurd, however, than rushing back to the mess-room and embracing Cowslip with tremendous demonstrations of affection, telling him and the rest around that I had found out their plot, but forgave them all in consideration of my delight at the discovery. The afternoon, I need scarcely say, was spent in thorough enjoyment."

"We sat so late that it was out of the question going to the band, the strains of which were borne upon the breeze while we were yet over our cheroots. Suddenly I remembered that I was engaged out to dinner that night. It was then sunset. There was just time to go home, bathe and dress, and put in an appearance. These processes I punctually performed, and made such haste that I was early instead of late at my destination."

"There was only one person present when I entered the drawing-room—a lady. She was looking over a scrapbook. She raised her head when I appeared. It was—Miss Barmecide!"

"There seemed no reason why I should be confused at meeting her; so, though I felt awkward at first, I went up to her and entered into conversation in my old familiar way. To my astonishment she made no reply, would not meet my eye, but buried herself in the scrapbook, like the ostrich in the sand, as if to ignore anything that she did not see. We were both relieved when our hostess appeared, and other guests began to arrive. Fortunately, nobody noticed that Miss Barmecide and myself were 'cuts'; so no remark was made upon the fact. If anybody had noticed it, by-the-way, they could not have wondered more at the possible meaning than I did myself."

"It was not until my arrival at the brigade office next day that the truth of the matter came out. There I found a letter purporting to come from Miss Barmecide, but of so transparent a character, both as to handwriting and diction, that it would not have deceived me for two minutes. This was the mess hoax. The other letter was Miss Barmecide's genuine missive."

"What followed need not take long in telling. I attempted explanations of my conduct, but they were of no avail. To be sure, I did not renew my offer of marriage, which, it seems, I had made in most decided—however brief—terms in the garden; and this, I suppose, had something to do with the reception of my amende. Poor Bella was furious, so was Mrs. Crupper; and, as the Brig told me that the continuance of our official relations would be inconvenient after what had occurred, I took the hint and resigned. I got leave to the hills next day, and have never since seen the lady who, but for the hoax played upon me, would most likely be at the present moment, Mrs. Edward Rocket, otherwise Mrs. Lieutenant Rocket, by courtesy of the tradespeople."

VII.

Major Martingale made no remark when Rocket had concluded his story. He might have done so, indeed, but the noise of another dak ghazee entering the compound distracted the attention of both gentlemen from the subject in hand. The ghazee stopped close to that which was waiting for the Major, and in full view of both him and his companion, who somehow never thought of removing out of eyeshot: this time, but kept his seat. A native ayah seated on the top between two portmanteaus, and in the cheerful society of a poodle and a parrot, was presumptive evidence that the occupant was a lady. A great deal had to be done, however, before the lady could be extricated. Shawls, cloaks, and little boxes and parcels were handed out and taken into the house; and the mysterious directions and running backwards and forwards incident to their removal occupied no little time. At last the lady herself emerged. Her figure was nearly concealed by a large mantle, but a sufficiently coquetish turban-hat, worn without a veil, left no mystery as to her face. It was a pretty face, but had been prettier, being worn at present, and sadly wanting in the charm of good humour. The blue eyes and fair hair alone retained their best looks."

As the lady alighted from the carriage she turned her head, as if for somebody to help her, and, looking round, her eye met that of Edward Rocket. Both were equally unprepared for the meeting. The lady screamed, and ran into the house. Rocket started to his feet, exclaiming to his companion—

"By Jove, Martingale, it's Bella Barmecide herself!"

"I am well aware of the fact," was the dry reply. "I was waiting for her. I was married to her last Tuesday."

SIDNEY L. BLANCHARD.

* Little breakfast, taken early in the morning in India.

YET, OH SWALLOW!

WINTER will not follow yet;
Tarry, gleaming swallow yet!
Though the forest splendour's waning,
And the sullen skies are raining,
Winter will not follow yet!

There's more sunshine coming yet;
Hark! the bee is humming yet
Round the buttercup and the clover.
Tarry! Summer is not over,
There's more sunshine coming yet!

There'll be larks and blackbirds yet;
Woodlands will not lack birds yet.
S-say, shrill swallow, sweeping o'er us,
Till the songsters hush their chorus:
There'll be larks and blackbirds yet!

There'll be roses growing yet;
There'll be soft winds blowing yet,
That shall wave them as they cross them,
Stealing perfume as they toss them,
There'll be roses growing yet!

There'll be sunny weather yet;
Gather not together yet!
You are aye the earliest comer,
Be the last to leave with summer
There'll be sunny weather yet!

There's more summer coming yet;
While the bees are humming yet,
Soft winds blowing, songbirds singing,
Tarry, swallow, seaward winging—
There's more summer coming yet!

T. HOOD.

BELINDA AT OMBRE.

WHEN Mr. Alexander Pope sat down to write "The Rape of the Lock" he could scarcely have done so without a strong conviction that the piece he was about to produce would live long in the poetic literature of England. Of Belinda, Ariel, and Sir Plume we can all read and understand as much as the poet cares to tell us; but if Mr. Pope wrote for immortality he committed a slight oversight in not imagining an age not far distant from his own when his description of the game at ombre should be, even to the very names of the cards, a mystery impenetrable to the anxious reader. Yet upon this description, perhaps, Mr. Pope bestowed by no means the lightest labours of his muse. In his day it was understood in all good society. "He who in company should appear ignorant of the games in vogue would be reckoned low bred and hardly fit for conversation." So writes, in Mr. Pope's time, an author of whose knowledge of the game of ombre I propose to avail myself for the information of the reader, not for the purpose of simply describing an old-fashioned pastime, but for that of assisting him to a comprehension of the only obscure passage of the most elegant poem in the language.

To begin with the word Ombre!—It is not, as might be supposed, borrowed from the French. It is from the Spanish, "El Hombre," and signified the Man. One of the players, of whom there were three to the game, was thus termed because, in return for certain advantages, he was bound to win against his two antagonists. The game required great application and perfect attention, and it was one of its characteristics that to cheat at it was impossible. It was played by three persons; and, from the thought, care, and reflection which it demanded, the grave Spaniards deduced its name, which was applied alike to the leader of the game, the play, and the stakes. The points of the game were reckoned by tricks, as at our modern whist. In contrast to the honourable title of "man," the player who failed, under certain circumstances betraying bad or careless play, as by revoking or playing from a misdealt number of cards in hand, was said to be "beasted," and this involved a forfeiture beyond the amount of the original stake.

Ombre was played with forty cards only, the eight, nine, and ten of each suit being discarded altogether. Of these the highest in the order of the game were called matadores, from the Spanish matador, a slaughterer. They were thus designated:—Spadille (ace of spades), basto (ace of clubs), and manille (two of trumps if black, the seven if red). The ace of trumps, if red, was called punto, but he was not a matadore. The privilege of the matadores was that they were not obliged to be played to follow the lead of an inferior trump. Hence they might be brought in with slaughterous effect when other players fancied trumps to be exhausted. The word "trump," we may mention *en passant*, was a social abbreviation of "triumph."

We will suppose our three players seated at table for a game at ombre, and we will try whether it be not possible to make the rules and the poem illustrate each other. We propose, therefore, by playing ombre with Belinda, to give the reader, if he will but contribute his share of that human intelligence whence the game is denominated, an insight to an old pastime, and of the meaning of the most difficult passage in Pope.

Please, then, to remember that, whether the play be in red or black, spadille is always the highest trump, manille the second, and basto the third. The court cards of the various suits have their value as in our whist, except the red ace (punto), which falls beneath the picture-cards. This is to be remembered, for reasons which will hereafter appear.

The dealer delivers the cards by threes, commencing on his right hand, till each player has nine. The remaining thirteen are placed upon the table, and each player in turn, if dissatisfied with his hand, may discard any one or more cards from it for a corresponding number from the remnant of the pack.

Let us suppose the dealer to be on Belinda's left hand, and the game commences. She holds the ace, king, and two of spades, also the ace of clubs and king of hearts. The rest are of doubtful value. It is Belinda's lead, and she has the right of naming the first suit of trumps.

The skillful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps, she said, and trumps they were.

She leads with her strongest cards to make sure of tricks. The object of her play is to make more of these than either of her opponents, for the tricks are nine, and if she gain less than five or four, if the others be divided between the other two hands, she, being ombre, will lose the game, and be "beasted." Dreadful thought for Belinda!

Now move to war her rable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swartly Moors;
Spadilla first, unconquerable Lord,
Led off two captive trumps and swept the board.
As many more manilla forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field.
Him basto followed, but his fate more hard,
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.

You may read next how with the king of spades Belinda captures the knave or Pam, but here her fortunes fall into peril. She is now out of trumps, after having disabled at least one of her opponents in that suit. So she tries an ace of clubs, but the Baron, her antagonist, has yet the queen of trumps, with which he captures the ace, thus obtaining the lead. Both his opponents are now out of trumps, and he may lead the highest of his strongest suit.

The Baron now his diamonds pours apace,
The embroider'd king, who shows but half his face,
And his refrigate queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops, an easy conquest find.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts
And wins (O shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheeks forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and codille.

The codille is where one of the players wins more tricks than the ombre. In this case the ombre is not only "beasted," but he who

wins codille takes the stake which the ombre played for. *Codillo* is Spanish for an angle or corner, and Belinda is in peril of being "cornered." Belinda (ombre) and the Baron have now each four tricks. The Baron plays again:—

An ace of hearts steps forth—the king, unseen,
Lurk'd in her hand and mourn'd his captive queen.
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.

The reader will not again require to be informed of the rule above italicised, nor be puzzled to understand the joy of the fair heroine.

The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Such was the game which Mr. Pope described so charmingly in 1711. In 1728 ombre was still in high vogue. In plate 2 of Hogarth's famous series of the "Marriage à la Mode," published in 1745, we find the fine young married lady of title who so languidly stretches herself over the breakfast-table has already begun to consider ombre as old-fashioned and slow, for she has been playing whist. She has yet scarcely mastered the new fashionable game, for Mr. Hoyle's ingenious treatise on the subject has just fallen from her hand upon the Turkey carpet.

E. D.

ORIGIN OF THE DREADNOUGHT HOSPITAL-SHIP.

In the year 1817-18, at the end of the long war, when large numbers of the seamen who had been discharged from their several vessels were lying about the streets of London sick and destitute, a committee of naval officers and others was appointed by the "Society for the Aid of Destitute Seamen" to consider what was best to be done for these poor men. This committee used to hold its meetings at the King's Head, Mr. Bob Blake, R.N. (his name was "Bob," not Robert), who was at that time Examining Surgeon to the Port of London, and attached to the ship *Perseus*, lying off the Tower, was appointed by the committee, as their surgeon, to go round and look up the destitute seamen for the purpose of affording them assistance. Mr. Blake, fulfilling his function as well as he could, placed the sick men in different workhouses and hospitals; but found it so difficult to deal with them, scattered in that way, that he turned his mind to considering what could be done that would be better. He came to the conclusion that the best thing was to recommend the committee to petition the Government for a vessel, which should be devoted to hospital purposes. Two such vessels were granted, and one of them was the Dreadnought.

Mr. Bob Blake—Dr. Blake he is called in the memorandum lying before me—was, therefore, the originator of the "Dreadnought" as an institution. I believe the fact to be entirely unknown, except to his descendants and their connections; but do not think it should remain so. I may add that the services of Mr. Blake as surgeon to these seamen were entirely gratuitous, and received no further acknowledgment than is contained in the vote of thanks of which the following is a copy:—

At a meeting of the committee of the "Society for the Aid of Destitute Seamen," held on the 16th of January, 1818—John Deacon, Esq., in the chair:—Resolved, that the thanks of this committee be given to Dr. Blake for his unwearied, assiduous, skilful, and gratuitous services in attending to the sick destitute seamen.—Committee Room, Jan. 16, 1818.

Sir,—I am desired to communicate to you the above resolution, and am, Sir, your obedient servant, (Signed) JAMES EDWARD GORDON, R.N., Hon. Sec. To Dr. Blake.

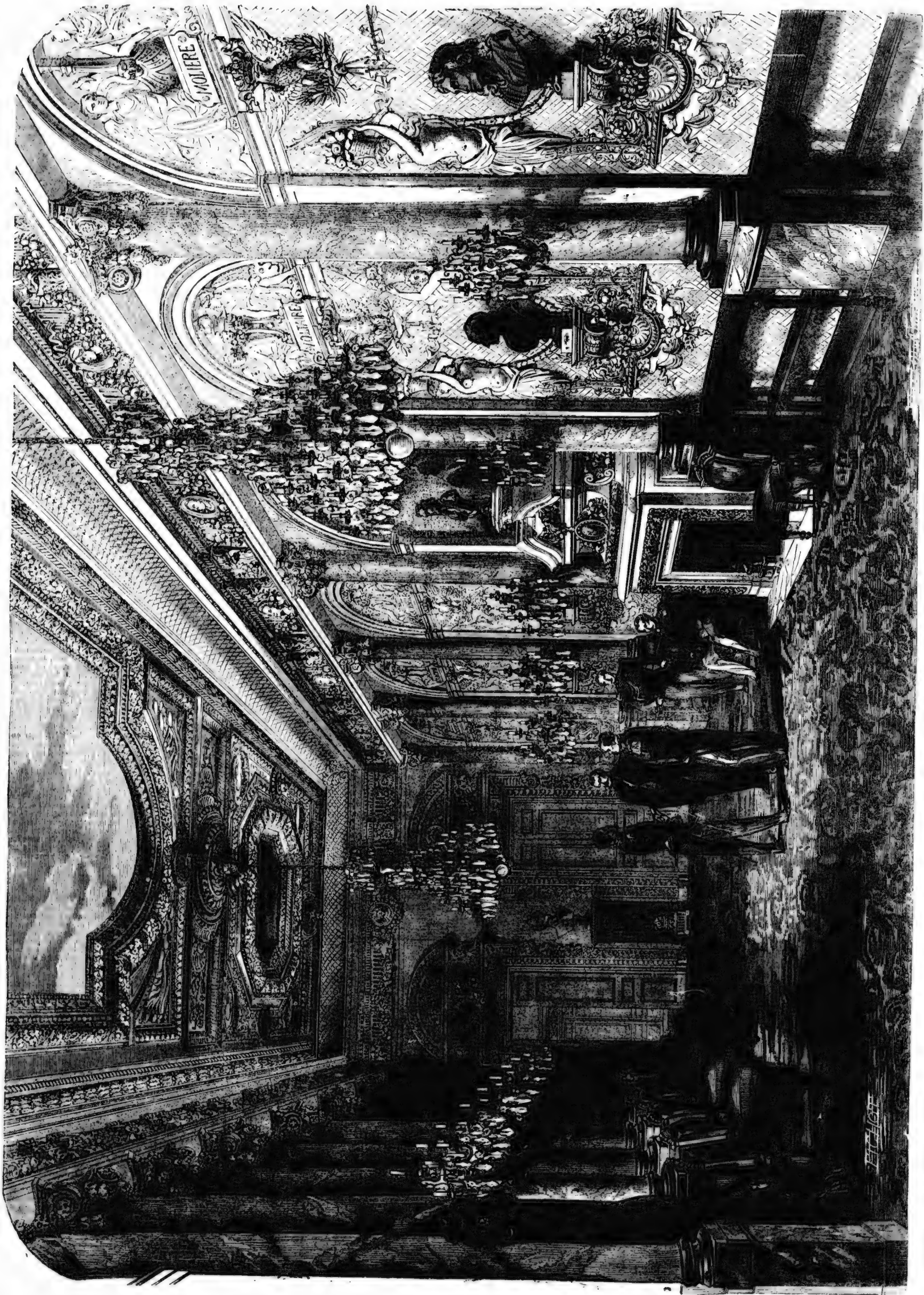
W. B. R.

AN INVECTIVE AGAINST BURLESQUE.—The burlesque—which, like an impure flesh-fly, batters upon the imagination of Shakespeare or the pathos of Euripides, which avails itself of the solemn and preternatural machinery of "Macbeth," of the Rembrandt-like picture of the Moor, of the aberrations of Hamlet, of the revenge of Shylock, of the scenes and thoughts the most hallowed among merely human conceptions—appears to us among the most despicable products of shallow and heartless writers, equally devoid of respect for their own age, or of reverence and gratitude towards their benefactors in past time. Nor are such productions less discreditably to their authors than symptoms of decay in dramatic art itself. To the spectators the burlesque is noxious, since it accustoms them to associate the low and the absurd with the sublime and the earnest; to the actors it is no less injurious, since it tends to impress them with distrust and disrespect for their art; nay, by exhausting it upon false and superficial wit, it dulls the edge of legitimate and natural humour. Nor is the offence at all lessened in our eyes when the parody is at the expense, not of the established reputation of the past time, but of contemporary productions of merit. The prospect that his work may become a butt for ridicule necessarily renders an author timid and diffident of himself. He holds his sword like a dancer under the apprehension that it may soon be struck from his hand by the bat of a clown. Actors, audience, and managers are alike interested in stifling these parasitical excrescences of the drama, and in commending the fools that use them to some better vent for their pitiful ambition.—*Donne's Essays on the Drama.*

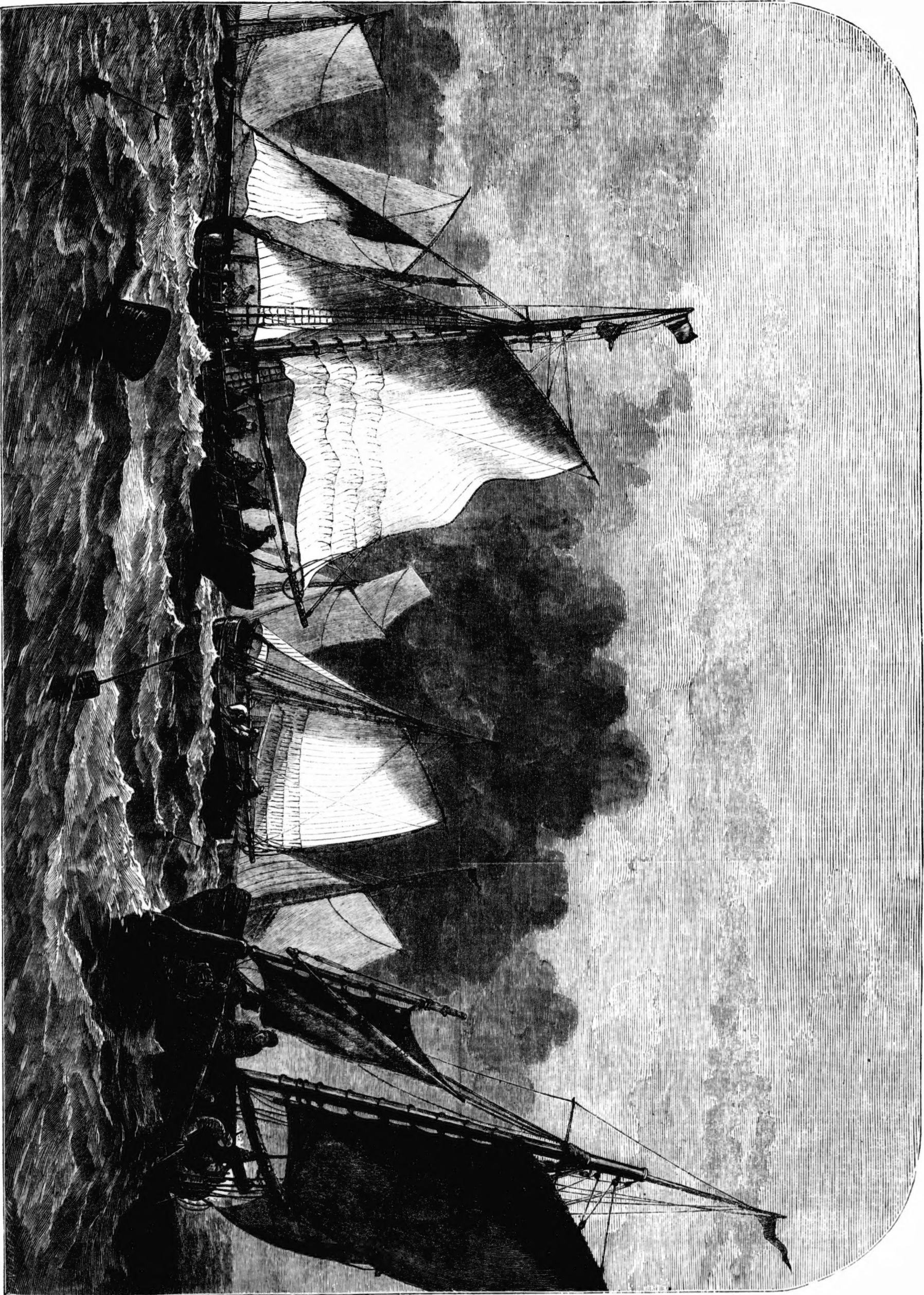
PRINTING BY TELEGRAPH.—On Monday some interesting experiments designed to prove the practicability of printing by telegraph, or, in other words, to show how a telegraphic apparatus can register simultaneously in type messages of which it is the medium, were made in the presence of the Lord Mayor and other gentlemen at the offices of the United Kingdom Telegraph Company, in Old Broad-street, where a machine for the purpose, as invented and patented by Professor Hughes, is now in operation, communicating with Birmingham and other large towns. The instrument was first introduced in America, and has since been brought into practical use in France, and more recently in Italy, with, it is said, complete success. It is now being tried on the lines of the United Kingdom Telegraph Company with the view to its adoption by them. The machine is fixed to a table or platform not larger than an ordinary chessboard, and is altogether very neat and compact. The electric waves are transmitted by a revolving arm, which acts in concert with a type-wheel. On the face of the instrument are twenty-eight keys, arranged like those of a piano, but occupying less than a third of the space. These correspond with an equal number of metal plates working upwards through slots formed all round a circular disc, on the top of which, but not in connection with it, the arm and what is called "contact-maker" revolve. The type-wheel and this arm revolve together, and, when a key is depressed by the operator, a plate corresponding with the letter touched is raised and a letter is printed, while at the same instant, by a graduated movement, the paper is carried on a space ready to receive the next impression. The instrument is worked chiefly by women, and very much after the manner of a piano, but with a heavier touch. It prints at both ends of the wire simultaneously and in clear type, so that the operator sees the message which is being transmitted as it proceeds, and, no copying or translation being required, the chance of error is avoided. The speed secured in France and in America by highly-trained operators is said to have reached from forty to fifty words a minute. At this rate the instrument would print matter equal to a column of the daily *Times* in a few minutes less than an hour, assuming there was no break in the operation, which probably would be too much to assume.

PETTICOAT-LANE, LONDON.—No one who spends an hour here can deny that the Jews are a utilitarian race. Mere infants are vending pencils, stationery, buttons, toys, and refreshments along the thoroughfares; while the parents are busy at the shop doors, or behind the ratted sashes, in front of which their wares are exposed. Tripe-yard is devoted to picture-frames; Artillery-passage to auctioneers and vendors of quack medicines. At not a few of the shops there are dealings in gold and silver. In Petticoat-lane you may buy a watch for five shillings, or embark in "a gold lever" worth thirty pounds. At very miserable-looking shops transactions in diamonds are not unknown. And here, as in the silk-handkerchief department, old friends may occasionally be recognised. Not so easily, however; for the watch-case trade is different from the trade in what watchmakers call "movements." Trays full of "movements" are exposed at different doors. These are the bones, sinews, and intestines of watches. Nor is the crucible idle in this region on the Christian Sabbath. In front of "marine stores" in one of the alleys, we observed two men busily and silently employed, apart from the multitude. One was seated behind a pan resting on three 50lb. weights. In the pan was burning charcoal, into which one of the individuals referred to was dropping old epaulettes, stars, buttons, &c., which were poured out of a sack by his assistant. From the pan, the portions of which did not fall through the grated bottom to the ground were passed to a large tray.—*Once a Week.*

QUININE.—Until the early part of the present century Peruvian bark was an article of common sale by provincial grocers, and in their old shop-fitting may still be found the well-used drawer from which it was retailed; this was especially the case in the marshlands and fenny districts of the country. About 1820, Pelletier and another French chemist discovered in the bark the substance called quinine—sulphate of quinine—eight grains of which is equal to an ounce of bark. The father of the writer of this article, a country grocer, was the first person who introduced quinine into this country and familiarised the public with it. Hearing of the discovery, he obtained, direct from Paris, an ounce, for which he paid about £5. He tried it in his own family, as a remedy for the ague; it was successful, and he instantly made its efficacy known, and sold hundreds of pounds' worth of it before it was introduced into this country as an article of commerce. Quinine has now become an important item in the grocery and Italian trades, the preparations sold as Waters' genuine wine being, we believe, the most popular.—*The Grocer.*



IRVING NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.—THE MINING-ROOM.—SEE PAGE 61.



OYSTER-DREDGING IN WHITSTABLE BAY.

OYSTER-DREDGING AT WHITSTABLE.

As oyster-eating is a favourite indulgence in London and our other large cities, so oyster-breeding and oyster-dredging are profitable occupations in various towns on the coasts of the three kingdoms; and in none more so than at Whitstable, in Kent. It is a peculiar mystery, that of oyster-dredging, and is pursued at different stations on different principles. At some places—but those are where the occupation has but lately been introduced—it is carried on in open, free-trade principles, any one who has the means and the inclination being at liberty to engage in planting, breeding, and in due season reaping the oyster-harvest. At others, such as Whitstable, on the coast of Kent, the pursuit is a close corporation, such as would have delighted the heart of the most rigid stickler for protection, monopoly, and all the other old-fashioned ideas which this somewhat fast and irreverent age has so unceremoniously pushed on one side. At Whitstable a man may be born into the society of free-dredgers; but in no other way can he become free of the guild. The same exclusiveness, however, does not apply to the fair sex, for a woman may by marriage become a shareholder in the free-dredgers' community, and, of course, her children take their father's rights. The business is carried on, too, on a sort of community principle; all the free dredgers working in common, furnishing material in common, and dividing the common fund created by the sale of the produce of their toil.

At Whitstable the oysters are never landed, though there is railway communication between the town and London, the great "bourn" to which the Whitstable "natives" are bound, but are shipped on board the old round hoys anchored in the bay, and conveyed directly to Billingsgate by water. Of these hoys there are fourteen belonging to the town, and these are constantly engaged during the oyster season in sailing to and fro to the Thames with the bivalves so grateful to the cockney palate and so profitable to the Whitstable free-dredgers. The Corporation or Company of Free-dredgers of Whitstable also own about eighty fishing-smacks, in which the actual dredging is done, and the produce afterwards transferred to the hoys. The oyster-fishery, as practised at this place, consists of two operations, which are kept perfectly distinct. During three days of each week the fishing-smacks are engaged in what is called "dredging for the planting" and in the general cultivation of the oyster-beds. Young oysters are caught and transferred to where they will find most nourishment; samples are taken up, inspected, a few tasted, and the rest returned to the sea; and all those influences which may impede the development of the fish carefully sought out and removed. This planting or cultivating process is somewhat agricultural in character, and generally occupies about six hours on each day devoted to it.

Dredging for the London market, the other operation to which we have alluded, occupies about two hours each morning of the remaining three days of the week—generally Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The supply sent up is regulated by the salemen at Billingsgate, who order a certain number of bushels to be caught and sent to market each fishing-day; and the taking of these bushels is work divided equally among the several smacks manned by the free-dredgers. Each crew of three men goes off to its own particular boat, dredges its particular "sint" or portion, and is neither allowed to fall short of nor to exceed the allotted tale. The work begins about eight o'clock in the morning, at which hour the dredgers assemble on the beach and row off in boats to the fishing-smacks moored in the bay. These smacks are small, yacht-like craft, the decks almost flush with the bulwarks, and covered with baskets, buckets, and nets. The little vessel sets her sails and skims away over the pole-marked ground till the proper station is reached, when the work of dredging begins. The nets are composed of a thick trellis-work of undressed buffalo hide, washed almost white by repeated dipping, and with an iron knife-like bar at the mouth to scrape the oyster-beds and so pick up the fish. These nets are dropped like small anchors, having ironwork attached to make them sink, and when hauled up are filled with shelly heaps, generally numbering about eight hundred oysters at each haul. The haul is emptied on to the smack's deck, the nets are once more cast overboard, and the dredgers proceed to select the oysters that are fit for sending to market, and to consign those that are not to the sea again.

The oysters are of all sizes, in their different stages of growth. Some are like blocks of flint, a mass that, perhaps, numbers thirty nearly mature oyster lives. Some shells are covered with little pearly counters, the size of shillings, which represent a brood of infant oysters, all less than a year old. Some shells are ornamented with red-looking pimples, which the dredgers call "quats." Some oysters come up highly clean and perfect in their formation, but not much larger than half-a-crown. These are generally the two-year-olds, and, with all the preceding varieties, they are pushed on one side by the dredger, while he picks out only the slightly fish of four years' growth, and casts them into his basket. His theory is that the oyster, if left alone, may live about ten years, and that it is extremely good eating at five years of age. He knows the five-year-old oyster by the layers outside the bottom shell. The little perfect yellow circle at the small end of the fan represents one year, the three successive brown round semicircles represent three other years, and the rough fringe round the outer edge represents the one year more. He is satisfied with the four-year-old oyster for general eating, and what he considers good the London market is compelled to take.

The baskets, which serve as measures, when filled, are given a dip in the sea to wash the fish a little, and are then placed on one side. The work is gone over again and again till the allotted quantity of oysters is caught, the vessel shifting its moorings occasionally during the process; and when the proper number of baskets are loaded, they are placed in the boat belonging to the smack, which is then rowed to one of the market-hoys; the baskets are passed up the side, their contents emptied into the hold; and when the full take for the day has been collected the hoys sail for London, the dredgers go on shore, and are their own masters for the rest of the day. They generally assemble in the principal tavern of the town in the evening to learn the results of the day's sale at Billingsgate and receive the orders of the directing committee of twelve for future operations. The members of the oyster-dredging community of Whitstable have a comfortable and well-to-do look about them, and, it is said, always know where to find a small sum of money when their necessities require it, even in the intervals between the regular periods for the division of the profits of their enterprise.

POPE'S WILLOW.—This celebrated willow came originally from Spain, inclosing a present to Lady Suffolk, who came over with George II. and Queen Caroline, and was a favourite of both, particularly so of the King. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off the present. He observed the pieces of stick appeared as if there were some vegetation, and added, "Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England." Under this idea he planted it in his garden; and it produced the willow-tree which has given birth to so many others. When Lord Mendip purchased Pope's Villa, at Twickenham, he made various alterations in the grounds, and ordered the willow to be cut down.

FATTENING FOOD.—An Irish gravel-digger died not long ago near Sydney, leaving his widow and family utterly destitute, save that he had built them a hovel against the side of the gravel-pit, which was on the common. There the widow and the orphans lived, and it was observed that, though they had no visible means of earning a livelihood, they were fatter and rosier than any labourer's family in the parish. About this time herons were robbed and sheep were stolen in the neighbourhood, and the pump widow and her rosy family were at once set down for the thieves. A warrant was granted to search her house, and the policemen found what they deemed proof of her guilt. They took her into custody, and bore with them the proof in the shape of a good-sized eel, containing as they said the sheep, salted and minced into morsels. The poor woman denied that the little salted morsels were of the composition of mutton, but she refused to say what they were to "them bl-ckguards"—the policemen. She told the magistrate, however, what they were. "Send them fellows away and I will tell you honour," she said. Under the seal of secrecy she let out that they were salted slugs. She had seen them given in Ireland to a young man who was supposed to be in a consumption, and who grew fat and well on the diet; and, failing other means of subsistence, she tried the same food for her starving children. She first tried the slugs fresh; they were found to be good and nourishing; and then she took to salting them for winter consumption. Her mode was to drop the slugs into boiling water, and then to lay them with salt in a cask.—*Life in Normandy.*

Literature.

David Elginbrod. By GEORGE MACDONALD, M.A., Author of "Within and Without," "Phantastes," &c. Three vols. Hurst and Blackett.

We welcome Mr. MacDonald to the ranks of the novelists, and offer him hearty thanks for "David Elginbrod." Great would be our joy if we dared to hope that this snowdrop among the filthy fungous growths of the hour was the hint of a coming breeze of spring that should sweep through our literature, and put a little life and health into the sick air—but that is beyond our expectations. Some thousands of people, however, will read "David Elginbrod"—we will do what we can to add to their number—and every one of them must carry away a sweetened taste, a strengthened heart, a quickened intelligence, and an invigorated conscience. It is a great deal to say; though the result seems as far below the needs of the time as these words of glad appreciation are below our idea of what should be said of the book. No novel so full of truth and so uniformly noble in tone has been published since Mr. Hawthorne's "Transformation." Nor is it possible to declare how refreshing we find the reading of it. Here is a story by a man who has kept his own faith and tries all he can to help you to keep yours. The popular novelist of the day is pretty sure to be one of three things; a man who insists on driving you over the precipice (as the phrase is), if you cannot bring yourself to walk backward with him; or a man who is always telling you, with a bitter chuckle, that it does not matter which way you go; or a man who spins a police report out into three volumes and calls it a sensation story. Mr. MacDonald does neither of these things. Whichever way you feel inclined to go he will do you good; he will take you so near the gate of heaven that you will never feel able to think, while under the sweet innocent glamour of his genius, that your choice of paths is no matter; and, thank God! he will not make you giddy by taking you too near the precipice. It is easy to see how he has managed to keep the beneficent power which so many of his peers have bartered away, for the book is as transparent as crystal. To every man in love with Truth there comes a time—at some dark, cold, cross-road hour of life—when the under-powers do all they can to make him let her go, turning her, in his very arms, into a hundred horrible shapes, stripping her to make him blush, and changing her to sulphury fire to shake his soul. If he holds her fast then, defying the vile magic of sense and circumstance—if at the moment of the most dreadful transformation he still clings to his love and can speak the awful Name, the spell is over, and his love is his own for ever and ever. Not very difficult is it for an outsider to discern when a man has fought this fight and won it. But it is uncommonly difficult to write a three-volume novel in the light of the remembered triumph, and find first publishers and then readers.

We can promise those of our friends who may take up "David Elginbrod" upon our recommendation a full measure of what is called "interest," without fever. They will not refuse to lay it down if it should be necessary; but they will be anxious to take it up again. And they will be very unlike ourselves and our "tasters" (every reviewer ought to keep "tasters") if they do not want, when the first reading is over, to keep the book and lay it on the shelf for good and all. The story is that of a young tutor; the friends who do him good; the employers who bother him; the woman who "fascinates" him; and the woman who controls his life. First of all, in the society of the great-hearted, bright-brained peasant, David Elginbrod, and in his calm-browed daughter Margaret, we have the educated young man, Hugh Sutherland, brought under spiritual influences, which go far to create a soul under the ribs of the mere dead culture, which, to vulgar eyes, would give him a superiority over his ignorant friends. While this is going on he saves Margaret's life in a snowstorm. Then he goes forth into the world, unconscious, as he should be, of loving Margaret, and has a chance offered to him of a higher intellectual training, by a reverse method, in his relations with a hypochondriacal boy. Part of that chance he loses through an experience with Euphra, a dangerous woman of a mild type. In the course of his relations with her he is brought into collision with a mesmerizing, spirit-rapping scoundrel (not very unlike Westervelt in the "Bithodale Romance"); and there is then a romance of a ring, along with a ghost story, which will take the fancy of the least imaginative reader. Falconer, Hugh's friend, must not be forgotten, nor the sketch he gives of a Sunday morning at Mr. Maurice's. At last, after some trouble from an empty purse, Hugh gets to be square with the world and takes Margaret.

That a story so simple as this should be made, as it is, very interesting, bespeaks a large amount of poetic faculty, and a very unusual sincerity of conception. Yet Hugh is shadowy, and not firmly sketched. Who can guess, from what is shown of him, how he will be likely to deal with Euphra? Indeed, there is a want of bold drawing here which occasionally runs into a kind of cachectic feebleness not easy to indicate with precise justice. Euphra is presented to us with very great subtlety of insight; but we fancy so strong a woman, however weakened by her past, should have gone out with a little more fire. There is, we feel, a little want of equity in the painting of the Turrie-puffit circle when we look at them side by side with the Calvinistic group in London. Such a man as David could hardly have escaped a good strong leaven of worldliness, to the unconsciousness of which he would have been helped by his power of carrying on thought and feeling in independent grooves. A peasant Wordsworth would hardly escape Wordsworth's bad points. Margaret is, in essentials, quite true to nature, and we are always glad to meet this beautiful, quiet type; but the whole of that pinewood business is, surely, a little overdone? To these small notes of interrogation—which we are almost ashamed to put down, after having been so greatly an author's debtor—we may add a positive criticism or two still smaller. Mr. MacDonald is too fond of the mannerism "grand;" and he is "horsey" to a degree which lends itself to a joke. We have in our memories a beautiful (horsey) poem of his, just printed, in which an effect is produced by the last verse such as no poet ever contemplated for a moment.

There is a comment of a graver kind—with which we will close. The scenes which Mr. MacDonald gives us represent nothing of the storm, and stress, and sudden fierce need, and complicated moral perplexity which abound in life. Nothing can be clearer, purer, sweeter, more subtly-diffusive than the charity which he teaches; but there is one lesson of love that we miss:—

To the vehement
And striving spirit readily I pardon
The excess of action.

All that Schiller meant by that assuredly Mr. MacDonald means too; and it is implied in what he says a hundred times. But if he had shown this lesson more plainly in the action of his story he would, we think, have guarded against a danger which now exists. The average mind, the mind that, as old David said, comes of "a pair breed," will assuredly curdle the very milk of his purity into a form of pharisaism, for lack of imperfect receptiveness. We can think, of a dozen people of our acquaintance who will get out of his book the very opposite lesson to that which Margaret tried to teach in the sickroom. If Mr. MacDonald replies that he could not have guarded against that risk without incurring a greater, we have no more to say; his own insight, not ours or anybody else's, must be his guide; and perhaps he knows best.

Once more, we very warmly commend "David Elginbrod" to our readers as a book to buy and to keep; a bright, wise, tender, excellent story; in some respects too good to be praised, and in all, up to the high-watermark of its order.

The Complete Works of Thomas Hood. Edited by his Son.
Vols. 6 and 7. Moxon.

These two volumes complete the series to which we have already called the attention of our readers more than once. In some respects they constitute the most interesting part of a very valuable collection. The photographed likeness in the last volume is an obvious attraction, while students (as distinguished from mere readers) of the literature of the last twenty years will have their attention arrested by the fact, which will become apparent as they turn over these pages, that Mr. Hood's shorter stories have been used

as a "crib" to a cruel extent by people who had enough of their own, such as it was, and who had just grace enough to perceive that Hood had plenty and to spare of what was better, and not grace enough to keep their hands from picking and stealing. We only refrain from mentioning the name of one particular culprit—a whopper—because he has invested the produce of his thefts to excellent purpose, and we believe that in letting him go we are only doing what is well-pleasing to the gracious shade of the great and good man to whom he is indebted. If a thief had stolen a purse of Hood's, and Hood had found him, years afterwards, keeping a wife and family decently on the proceeds of a business in which he started on the strength of the theft, we do not believe the original possessor of the money would have denounced the thief to the authorities. There is something in prescription; and mercy, like necessity, is above the law.

The fame of Thomas Hood—using the word fame in its old noble Miltonic sense—is still growing, and will continue growing, among the wisest and best. It would be an exceedingly difficult task—a task for which we confess we are not prepared—to assign to him, even approximately, his just rank in English literature. If he had been less tied down by the rapid exigencies of periodical literature he would have written better; though, perhaps, the world would have been a loser. But it is hard to say; and the difficulty of saying so makes this much clear, that Mr. Hood, the son, has done well in collecting (as far as possible) all his father's work into one consecutive series. And what a storehouse of wit, wisdom, and poetry have we in these seven volumes! What a blessing to the invalid, the recluse, the bereaved, would be the gift, by a friend, of these seven volumes! If we felt in danger of growing sour-hearted or heavy-headed, and had to choose half a dozen books and let a thousand go, we would say "Give us 'Shakespeare,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Cockerly Papers' in the *Spectator*, and the works of Thomas Hood." We need not say more to recommend this edition.

The Dead Lock. With Tales of Adventure. By CHARLES MANN SMITH. Virtue Brothers.

The title of "The Dead Lock" carries the unenviable disaster of being a bad pun—the lock being one on a river, and in which a child has been drowned. The loves and marriages of the story are so evident from the very commencement, and so exceedingly commonplace, that no injustice would be done Mr. Smith by the telling; but the reader might happen not to be startled and amused. From the author of "The Working Man's Way in the World" it is natural to expect good sketches of humble life. In "The Dead Lock" he is very successful, describing the "habits, manners, and customs," the conversation and mode of thought, the virtues and vices of good and bad, with a spirited fidelity which can but please the reader; but there he ceases to be effective. He tries his hand at a lord and a baronet, and produces a gloomy scoundrel and a barber's block. They talk ridiculously of a "happy augury of an auspicious morrow," and so forth. The short tales in the volume are excellent. In *Field-lane* and on *Salisbury Plain* the writer is quite at home. "An Essay on Wooden Legs" is full of quaint humour; and the "Bristol Channel" story just as readable for its thrilling interest.

The Parlour Gardener: A Practical Treatise on the House Cultivation of Ornamental Plants. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

The information given in this little volume is ample and minute, and should be tested practically by all fair hands whose gardening is confined to conservatory or parlour. We could not pretend to give even a summary of the contents of the various chapters here; but we can bear witness that the advice and information given are of the kind which Nathaniel Hawthorne calls "common sensible;" whilst there is no little amount of history "grafted" on the general subject, together with moral reflections such as are indulged in by all gardeners, and much fine writing which had better have remained at home.

Katherine Parr. From the German of L. MAULBACH. This is a translation, by Mr. J. R. Atkins, of the *Record Office*, of one of the most popular productions of its author, who enjoys considerable repute in Germany. It treats of a most interesting and romantic period of English history, and the incidents which it relates approach historical accuracy as nearly as may be, making due allowance for the license of the novelist.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

TOTNES.—The contest in this borough, the second within a few weeks, has resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate. The numbers at the close of the poll were:—Seymour (Liberal), 165; Dent (Conservative), 157; majority, 8.

WEST SOMERSET.—The present member for this constituency, Mr. Moody, having intimated his intention to retire, Mr. William Gore Langton announces his intention to offer himself as a candidate. Mr. Gore Langton was formerly Conservative member for the same division of Somersetshire, and it is on Conservative principles that he now offers himself.

HALFAX.—In anticipation of a vacancy in the representation of Halifax, consequent on the proposed elevation of Sir Charles Wood to the peerage, Mr. C. Akroyd is understood to have expressed his intention of coming forward to contest the borough on Liberal principles. The names of Mr. Wood (son of Sir Charles), Mr. Leatham, late M.P. for Wakefield, and Mr. S. Waterhouse have also been mentioned amongst a list of probable candidates.

LEISUIN.—Mr. Bateson, the Conservative candidate, has retired; his cause having disappointed him. The Liberal candidate, Mr. Barbour, is receiving very wide support.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS IN PARIS.—Mr. Charles Dickens's sojourn at the Embassy, for the benefit of the British Charitable Fund, has been a great success. He read an abridgment of "David Copperfield," so skilfully arranged as to make a complete drama, with a light and serious plot interwoven. Lord Cowley's large drawing-room was quite filled by a fashionable audience—ladies, all in evening dress, forming the majority. The reading lasted scarcely more than an hour and a half, and it is wonderful to think what varied emotions passed through the mind in that short space of time. Mr. Dickens does as he likes with his audience. They are as clay in the hands of the potter, and take any shape that he desires. The transition from the roars of laughter at Micawber and Mrs. Crupp to the solemn silence with which the pathetic story of Peggotty and Emily was listened to was a marvellous homage to a master mind. There were about three hundred people in the room; and as the price of admission was 20s. Mr. Dickens must have the gratifying reflection that, besides affording immense pleasure to countrymen abroad, many of whom knew him in former days, and were rejoiced, after long absence, to see him looking young and well, he has been the means of putting a handsome sum into the treasury of an excellent charity.

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL.—A meeting of the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital was held on Tuesday. A report of Mr. Whitfield, resident medical officer, was included in the minutes which were read. Referring to the various sites which were offered to the governors for the new hospital, he gives the preference to Bethlehem Hospital, to the land to be reclaimed at the foot of Westminster Bridge, or the Surrey Gardens, strongly condemning the others. The report of the grand committee in reference to what had been done by that body since the removal of the old hospital was moved for adoption by Mr. Titc. A rather stormy discussion followed, in which it was alleged that several matters were omitted in the report which ought to have been mentioned. Eventually the report was received, but not adopted.

DISASTROUS GALE.—A violent gale raged over the metropolis on Monday night and Tuesday, causing much mischief and destruction on land and water, accompanied, we are sorry to add, with loss of life. On the river a man who was navigating a barge was blown overboard and drowned; and during the height of the gale, between four and five on Tuesday morning, the chimney of a house in Stepney was blown down, and falling through the roof buried amidst the ruins the owner and his wife and two children. They were rescued with all the speed possible, but the unfortunate mother was found to be dead. From Liverpool and other places on the coast accounts of the disastrous results of the gale continue to be received. Many lives and a great amount of property have been destroyed. At Portmahon, on Monday morning, a vessel was observed on the Tuskar with a tar-bared as a signal of distress. The life-boat of the Royal National Life-boat Institution was immediately launched and proceeded to her assistance, and with the intention of distressed vessel, let go the anchor to windward, and with the intention of dropping down to her, but, whilst doing so, lost sight of her all at once. The life-boat remained at anchor for two hours, but could see nothing of the ship. It is supposed she must have foundered with all hands. At daylight, on Monday, several pieces of wreck were seen floating down the Channel. Some pieces washed on shore, and in a cove of the broken timber a quantity of wheat was found. The Lancashire coast has also been visited by a fearful gale of wind. At Fleetwood the life-boat house of the institution has been completely washed away by the violence of the sea, and the life-boat on her transporting-carriage had a most narrow escape of being knocked to pieces.

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